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THE STANDARD.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At Mozart Hall, New York City, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11th and 12th, 1858.

Phonographically Reported for THE STANDARD by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

TUESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

[Continued from last week.]

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. PRESIDENT: I come upon the platform to express, as the friend who has preceded me has just done, my most hearty concurrence in the resolutions which have been read to us. For one, sir, I am sorry that the nature of this morning's meeting should be such as to have precluded the friend who rose in front from stating his objections to any one of those resolutions; but if that is the rule, I hope that he, and those who sympathize with him, will be present at some of our subsequent sessions, and take ample time to state, as fully as possible, as much in detail as they wish, all their objections to any one of the statements of those resolutions. In regard to that one to which he objected, I cannot see how any Abolitionist can fail to recognize the patent fact that our Government and our Church—either, considered as a unit—is an enemy of the slave. It has been tried and found wanting. Sixty years of life have seen the victims of that system doubled, trebled, quadrupled, beneath the religious organizations and the civil institutions of the country. Nobody needs anything more than that general fact. There must be something rotten in the religious and in the civil machinery of a government that can allow slavery to exist, much less to grow, to usurp power, to monopolize the functions of government, to make a vassal of the Church. That is the indictment. The Church has had its sixty years as schoolmaster; these millions have been its pupils. It has educated them into men silent or indifferent to the greatest wrong known to our age. It has educated them into a nation capable of the events which the last ten years have unfolded before us, in the catalogue of slaveholding aggression. Who can doubt that, no matter what may be the exceptional cases, there is an inherent, unmistakable, radical rottenness in both? The character of the nation is the result of the two, and that character is shameful enough.

Dr. Adams, of Boston—the same who wrote the "South-side View of Slavery"—signalized his attachment to the revival by publishing a sermon on "The Reasonableness of Eternal Punishment." He proves it! It *must* be reasonable, when such as he exist (loud laughter and applause). [A VOICE—"Hit him again."] Then, again, my friend, MR. REMOND, in criticising some portion of our Massachusetts eminence, incurred certain hisses for his allusion to Edward Everett. I suppose he alluded to that recent story of Mr. Everett's friend [Mr. Yeadon, of South Carolina], that when he signed a letter expressing sympathy with Charles Sumner, he was "under the influence of an anodyne," and did not know what he did. Mr. President, I do not go with Mr. Remond in his criticism upon that story. I think it bears its own falsehood upon its face. Edward Everett, under the influence of the most potent stimulus known to medicine, was never able to call his soul his own (roars of laughter and applause); but if, for one moment, you suppose him, by the utmost stretch of fancy, to be under the influence of an anodyne, it is proof positive he would not be able to sign his name. The story is a flat contradiction in itself. There must be some other door out of which he will walk.

But I did not get up, Mr. President, to speak on these topics, but on the following resolution:

> Whereas, a central despotism exists at Washington, whose purpose is to uphold and extend slavery; and
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> Whereas, one of the readiest means to resist it is the machinery of the State Government; and
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> Whereas, according to all precedent before and since 1789, the acquiescence of the people, under any act of Government, gives to it the force and sanction of law; therefore,
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> Resolved, That we urge the Northern States to assume every attribute of unlimited sovereignty necessary for effectual resistance to the Slave Power; and, as a first step, to enact that no fugitive slave shall ever be surrendered from their limits, and no man shall, within their limits, be put on trial as to the question whether he is or ever has been a slave.

Now, Mr. Chairman, allow me to say, we have passed through a very strange month. From the other side of the water, the steamer brings us the news—if it can be wholly trusted—that the representative of European despotism has taken the final step to strike off every fetter in his dominions. Suppose that we can place reliance upon the whole extent of this information. The despotism of Europe—Russia—with unlimited resources at her command—representing calm—the granite Alps, piled to the sky and rooted to the centre, for her emblem—yields to the spirit of the nineteenth century, and strikes off fetters. On the other side of the globe, the representative of Liberty and Progress, Education and Ideas, whose emblem is the ocean, only pure because never still—America—the popular representative of the Democracy of the nineteenth century—signalized that same week by the triumph of the Government in fastening slavery, spite of the remonstrances of its people, upon a virgin State. How did we come there? How did we reach such an extent of antagonism to the spirit of the century in which we live? It seems to me that, in the broad sense, one might say, we reached it by the fact that Russia means what she says. She is a sincere power. She loves despotism; she represents it; she does not shrink from avowing it; she lives up to it. But in her internal necessities, or by a law of her outward growth, she sees the necessity brought upon her to put an end to the weakness and danger of servitude. The reason why we have sunk so infinitely below her is because we are not a sincere power; we do not mean what we say. Neither our Church nor our State means one word that it uses. We have played with words, like counters, so long that they have no meaning, no effect upon the popular heart. A "revival"—of what? Of words, of pasteboard forms, of superstitious observances, of something that no two intelligent men meet and look into each other's faces and discuss without laughing at each other (applause and hisses). Oh, the rank and file, the men who come here and make that noise, may believe, because it is possible, Saint Paul has told us, that at last a man may be left to believe a lie (loud applause and hisses). I speak of the *intelligent* guides of national sentiment; I speak of the sources of national action—of the men who, in the real and proper sense, are the nation, civilly and religiously. We do not mean what we say; we love falsehood and hypocrisy. The consequence is, we have played with those counters until they have lost all effect. We are case-hardened to any moral influence. We are bought up by patronage. Why, the President, the papers say, gives twenty-five dollars a barrel for flour to go to Utah. He buys it cheap, if he buys a voter in each barrel (laughter). It is the organization that underlies patronage to which I allude, hardened by constant exposure to noble words without a meaning, until at last the heart refuses to answer to any appeals.

Republicanism is the prominent representative of civil resistance to slavery. Now, one great error in Republicanism—even in that noble protest, the letter of Mr. Giddings—is that it commits the capital mistake of letting the enemy choose when and how to fight. It lets the enemy choose the point of attack; it lets the enemy choose the form of the issue—that is half the battle. The man that stays to be attacked, and lets his foe criticize him until he finds his weakest point and concentrates his strength upon it, is sure to be conquered. The greatest merit of Napoleon, said Wellington, was that he had an eye like an eagle to see the weak points of an enemy, and a power, beyond all known to history, to concentrate a million of men upon one point. The Slave Power is as sagacious. It sees exactly where is the weak point in the moral attitude of the opponents of slavery, and it directs its efforts there.

Take *The Tribune*. Years ago, *The Tribune* laid down the doctrine against the extension of slavery. Hard pressed by the anxious crisis of the Kansas question, it avowed its determination to admit Kansas as a slave State if she wished to come in as such. It deserted every one of its own chosen points, in order to meet one suggested, shaped by the enemy—shaped, of course, with the intention and the profoundest sagacity, to conquer.

It seems to me that when we stand in such a month as this—Kansas conquered—under the heel of the Federal Government [a voice—"Not yet"]—I say, under the heel of the Federal Government, and there is nothing to oppose to it but the paper promises that have been made ninety and nine times, and broken (applause)—promises of Eastern presses, promises of Kansas leaders, promises of Republican parties in Washington—all made, and I doubt not in many cases honestly believed, and all broken—I say, Kansas under the heel of the Federal Government, and President Buchanan is as strong, with forty thousand postmasters and seventy millions of revenue, as Napoleon, with five hundred thousand armed men, in a country where the sin of not being rich is only atoned for by the effort to become so (laughter). Then what is before us, for what purpose does the President and his Cabinet clear the checker-board? Why, in order to bring Cuba, and Central America, and the revival of the slave trade, on the board. In three months, you will not hear of Kansas. It will be a "dead horse," a trite subject, forgotten. The speaker will be slow who goes back to Kansas. It will be covered three deep with Cuba, Central America, and a new slave trade. The next Presidential election, who can say that the party which carried Kansas, by stuffed ballot-boxes and border ruffianism, may not carry Pennsylvania as well? Fifty thousand native-born Pennsylvanians who cannot read or write, and fifty thousand more standing next to them who cannot read or write to any purpose—the nucleus of one hundred thousand ignorant men to be bought in the political shambles! Why, it is a better game than that of Kansas; it is an easier thing to carry Pennsylvania or Indiana. The Presidential election never will go by honest votes—mark me! It will go, as Kansas and Minnesota have gone, by reckless cheating, by a Democracy that assumes despotism without the name, and means to control this Government and make it what it pleases.

What are we providing against it? Ideas! What is the Republican party providing against it? Party tactics!—the same that have been used so often and defeated. It is too great a crisis to trust them any longer. It is time to tear down the idols. "A lie will keep its throne a whole age longer, if it may skulk behind the shield of some fair-seeming name." It is names that form the strength of this Democratic enterprise against Liberty. "Union"—"Religion"—"The Empire"—"Patriotism"; something that nobody must touch, must lay his lips in the dust before it. Honeyed all over with praise of the Union is every Republican speech in Congress. You know it! It reminds me of the old story of the Chinese sage who was sitting in the garden of the Emperor Hong Fong. The Emperor says to him, "Ninety years of wisdom must have taught you much. What is the great danger of government?" Said he, "It is the rat in the statue." "The rat in the statue!" said the Emperor, "what is that?" "Well," said the sage, "you know we build statues to our ancestors; we set them up in the secret places of our houses. They are of wood, hollow, and painted on the outside; and if a rat gets into the centre, you may not burn it, for it is the image of your father; you may not plunge it into water, for it will wash off the paint. The rat is safe, because the image is sacred" (prolonged applause). So it is with the Union. Buchanan is in it—rottenness itself (laughter and cheers). The Democratic party is covered by it. With slavery in its heart, you may not touch it. Washington founded it; Jefferson blessed it; Hamilton launched it; and our fathers have all sworn to it. Let not fire come near it—it is sacred! Plunge it not in the ocean of public scorn, for you will take off the traits that remind us of the Revolution!—and the rat is safe (applause)!

So it is with Religion. Our friend over there at Brooklyn, who rides alone in the unique, gigantesque strength of his great heart, with a brow bright and tall enough to be seen from Brooklyn to the Rocky Mountains—he cannot touch the Church—the rat is sacred within it! He must bow down in the house of Rimmon, when it baptizes itself with the name of "Revival," although it is hard—hard—hard to fancy that, in the bottom of his own heart, he does not know that every atom added to the strength of that fabric was another pound weight laid on the heart of the bondman (applause).

What have we to oppose to this programme of national iniquity? Why, we have "converts." They say we have a great many converts from the Democratic party. You will see them all wheel back into line the moment the trumpet sounds "Cuba" at the head of the host. You will see them all wheel back into line the moment the word passes from captain to captain, "Aggression"—"Extension of the Area of Freedom," and "Another slice of Mexico." But if they do not, I distrust them. I distrust Banks and Douglas, in the van of the party for Liberty ("hear, hear"). As the lover said to his mistress, "There are but two places in the world, where you are and where you are not." So in politics, there are but two parties—on the slave's side, and against him. When those who are on the slave's side will not have you, where must you go? There is such a thing as being kicked *into* a party. Horace Mann was kicked out of the Whig party into the Liberty party. Mr. Banks suffered the same honor (laughter and applause). I consider Mr. Douglas in the same position. He stayed by his Democracy as long as they would let him; but when they cut the rope, he had to fall; and there being no other place to fall except into the hands of the Republicans, of course he fell there. But that does not make him a lover of liberty. They say his name would be stronger than any other at the head of the Republican ticket at the next Presidential canvass. I do not know but it would. It is very likely, as parties go, that the ticket with his name at the head of it would be a strong ticket. He might be elected. Suppose he were; it would be no better, nay, not so good, as if he were defeated; for, when he is seated in the chair, it is a Democrat in the grain, not an Abolitionist. He did not come in at the door on his own feet, he was pitched in headlong, in spite of himself (applause). I distrust him. When the old Democratic trumpet rings to arms, his soul will obey the summons. I remember, when I was in Manchester, they had a story in this wise. You know the cavalry horses of the English army in Spain are said to have got so used to the trumpet's sound that they obey the call as well as the disciplined soldier himself; and when the rider is sent to the ground a corpse, the steed still hears the trumpet, wheels into line, charges and fights for England, as if an Englishman sat in his saddle. One of the regiments which had come home from Spain was stationed just outside of the city of Manchester, and they had a sale of their refuse horses. They sold some score of them. Among the rest, one old man who sold sand about the streets purchased for a pound one of the troopers' horses, put him into the shafts of his cart, and peddled sand for a month. The old man thought he had got a bargain, and trotted up and down the city, and the horse did his little work, his drudgery, as if he had been born to it. But one day, when the old fellow of eighty was sitting on his sand cart, engaged in his daily toil, a sergeant's guard passed by him and the trumpet sounded. The old steed shook his mane, broke the cart to pieces, shook the old man on to the pavement, and wheeled into line with the troops. So with Douglas, when the Democratic party sounds its trumpet—President though he may be (applause). It is in him; no baptism of a six months' session with Hale and Giddings can wash out the life-long servility of a bought and sold politician (renewed applause). The South will never trust him; but he has not the manhood, I believe, to be a leader of the North—the effective, radical, resisting North—no!

I seems to me that this resolution points to something which politics ought to consider and adopt. Bancroft says, in his last volume, "American law is no result of individual wisdom; it is the growth of necessity—the growth of the hour." So it is. When we framed the Constitution under which we live, the men who went to Philadelphia to frame it knew they were doing what they were not sent to do; and Mr. Madison, in the "Federalist," defends them for doing what they were not sent to do. The people sanctioned the work, and to-day it is an idol! In 1801, Mr. Jefferson said the acquisition of territory is clearly unconstitutional. The people bowed to it—it is law! So you may trace down American law until to-day. Whatever the Government does, whatever the organized system of government initiates, and the people allow, that is American law. The experience of seventy years says so. Now, I appeal to America to avail herself of that principle against the Slave Power. Mr. Buchanan throws off the fetters of the Constitution. He does what he pleases; the Democratic party do what they please. Let us try the same game. In fighting this battle, let us throw off fetters. I do not ask it of the Republican party in Congress—they are sworn there to support a certain system of government—but I ask them for more than they do. I ask them to do what the English have always done in critical moments—checkmate the Government—refuse them a dollar (applause)! There has not been an appropriation bill brought before Congress for the last four or five years that has not been rotten to the core with pro-slavery service. Table it! Put every Republican vote on record against it! Checkmate the Government—make it bankrupt!. Avow it; argue it to the people; begin to fight, not to defend. Let the South no longer choose the issue, and then ask us what we think. Massachusetts has begun (loud applause)! She has thrown them the head of a wicked Judge as her gauntlet (renewed applause). The Governor of Massachusetts said that he removed Judge Loring because of a certain incompatibility between the offices of United States Commissioner and a Massachusetts Judge of Probate; the people removed Edward Greeley Loring because he bowed his neck to the slave yoke, and sent back Anthony Burns to bondage. Fit Judge for the Union, but too dirty for Massachusetts (prolonged cheering)! Let the Republican party organize resistance, and not resistance simply, but aggression. I do not know how soon, in the contingencies of events, they may, as once before, get a majority, and actually embarrass the Government. But it does not much matter. The moment a great party avows its purpose of resistance, avows its determination to make the Government bankrupt, and flings that question before the people, it will educate them up to that level. The devil sends us texts in James Buchanan, and we are to preach the sermons (applause); and the education of the people is according to our preaching.

Then, again, as States, the refuge of our liberty is the machinery of the State Governments. When Salmon P. Chase had his hand on Margaret Garner in the Cincinnati prison, he could have clutched the slave question, and helped it forward a quarter of a century, if he would then and there have provoked resistance by the Buckeye State to the Federal Government; for there is something in the loyalty of individuals to the State Governments, in home love and sympathy, stronger, after all, than love of the Union itself. There is a State pride. Now, for the first step, let us declare—and if the people submit to it, it is law—that no slave ever shall go back from New York. You remember the story of the Irishman, who, finding his blanket too short at the bottom, cut off a piece from the top and sewed it on to the bottom. If the Democratic party sewed Kansas on to that end, she must be balanced by Massachusetts on this. Let us say to the South, "We will have no more slave territory; and if you increase it at the West, we will clean up all the East to make it even." In every State, under the pressure of this great question, stirring the consciences of the people, it will be possible, one after the other—Massachusetts first, or Wisconsin, I care not which—to make an enactment, which the will of the people will seal into law, that no man shall ever be tried, upon that territory, on the question whether he is a slave or a freeman. And when Massachusetts has said "Amen" to such an enactment, it is law in Massachusetts; for we have Bancroft's authority, that American law is no result of individual wisdom, but the growth of necessity—the growth of the hour.

I say, let us begin at home to organize garrisons and forts where the party of morals, of ideas, can take refuge against the organizations of Government. The organizations of Government palpably increase, day by day, on the slavery side. Ideas are ours. I know to some of us they seem to advance very slowly. We do not see the influence of such a meeting as this, or a dozen like it. The Scotch bleaching woman said to the clergyman, who asked her why she watered a piece of linen so often, "The water I pour on this morning will part sink into the earth, and part pass into the air—and the cloth is the same as it was before. But come along here a month hence, I shall have watered it with just the same seeming uselessness, day after day—but the first day of June it will be white" (applause). So, twenty-five years ago, the bar of Boston said to Samuel E. Sewall, when he asked them whether a person brought into Massachusetts as a slave could be carried back, "Yes; he is a fugitive, although his master brought him here." But he took the question to the Court, and argued it, until a Massachusetts Court responded to Mississippi, and said, "No! There is a distinction; and that is enough for a twig to hang freedom upon." It took twenty-five years of plotting, and Taney, with both his feet in the grave, to reverse it; and Massachusetts was that same year saying to the man who had returned a *fugitive*, even, "Get thee behind me, Satan! Thou shalt have no office of mine" (applause)! Day after day, year after year, our President poured the water of his rebuke, with seeming carelessness, on the stained conscience of Massachusetts, and the clergymen cried "Infidel," and the politician "Fanatic," and said, "See! he is putting back the cause of emancipation." But they tried it, and found it was healthier for Edward Greeley Loring to live in Washington than in the atmosphere of the Bay State (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF MISS FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

I have heard it related of Napoleon Bonaparte that, during the latter part of his life, he had a dream, in which before him rose an army worn to skin and bones, and they raised their bloodless hands and pointed at him, and said, "You are the cause!" There is an army in our land, an army which has been gathering for long and weary years. If it was an army whose bloodless lips and pallid cheeks a tale of want and suffering told, I could have held my peace. If it was an army only blighted by starvation and wasted by hunger and suffering, even then I could have held my peace. But this is an army so poor that even the American bondman who reaps down his master's fields does not own the humblest joint that does the feeble service; so poor that the slave mother who clasps her child to her heaving breast does not own it by right of possession. That army raise their manacled hands, they lift their imploring eyes, they point to men in this republic, and say, "You are the cause!" Amid the din of conflicting interests, the cries of "Lecompton" and "anti-Lecompton," I hear the shrieks of the slave-mother, as her child is torn from her bosom and sold to the highest bidder. Amid your declamations about liberty, your Fourth of July speeches, amid the darkness of the Dred Scott decision, I see the mournful light that flashes from the eye of the fugitive as he steps cautiously through your boasted Republic, to gain his personal freedom in a Monarchical land.

Remember the first time I ever saw free land. It was not when I was in Maryland, where God first permitted me to see the light. The shadow of slavery hung dark over the home of my childhood. It was not when I was in Virginia, when I was at Harper's Ferry, in the presence of God's own masonry; even then the foot of a slave might have been painfully pressing the soil, and the air of Virginia was heavy with American slavery. I went to Pennsylvania. There were the memories of William Penn, the reminiscences of the Revolution, and Independence Hall; but there was no free soil. From beneath the shadow of that hall the slave mother had gone forth to bondage. I myself had seen a young man on trial to prove whether he had a right to be a free man or was a chattel, and he had gone forth to chattel slavery and human debasement. I went to New Jersey. There the ocean sung its wild chorus of sounding waves, and ebbed and flowed in tameless freedom, but there was no free soil there. The hunter might track and trail his prey beneath the eaves of their churches, and the shadow of their homes. I came to New York, and there was Niagara chanting the choral hymn of Omnipotence; there she stood, crowned with a rainbow, and robed with crested spray; but from the "lordly Hudson" to the Northern Lakes, unless we except Syracuse, there was no free soil. I went to Massachusetts, and there was Bunker Hill, bathing its granite brow in the pure light of heaven. There were Concord and Lexington, the classic grounds of America. Plymouth Rock told its tale of early struggle and sacrifice, of the thinned ranks and thickening graves of the Mayflower's little company; but there was no free soil there. Sims had been hurled again to bondage; Anthony Burns had been thrust back to chattel slavery, and there was no free soil in Massachusetts. I went to Vermont, and surely, if "Freedom loves a mountain home," her habitation should be there; and while there, some of them told me they had an anti-slavery Supreme Court, they had a Personal Liberty Bill; but suppose I had been a slave. Some, perhaps, would have said, "Give her a fair trial; the right of trial by jury, and the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus." Well, bring me to trial, to prove—what? Whether I have a right to breathe heaven's pure air? The structure of my lungs has long since proved that. Whether I have a right to gaze on the glorious creation of God, and feast my eyes on the beauties of our universal Father? The formation of my eye has proved that. What then? To prove whether I have a right to be a free woman or am rightfully the chattel of another; whether I have the right to possess all the faculties that God has given, or whether another has the right to buy and sell, exchange and barter that temple in which God enshrined my human soul (applause). Then let me tell you the first time I ever saw at least what I may call truly free soil. It was when, from Lake Ontario, I gazed for the first time upon Canada's shore. Oh! we may thank God that there is some land on this continent so free. The master may hunt the slave to the very borders of the Niagara, the minions of the Slave Power may trail the fugitive to the very margin of the St. Lawrence, but the moment he treads the soil of Canada, he springs into the glorious light of freedom.

I want to see the North just so free; when she shall have no Personal Liberty Bills, for every rood and acre of her soil shall be a passport to freedom, and every breath of her air possess so little affinity with slavery that it shall melt every fetter and dissolve every chain (loud applause). We are living in a day when each one of us may try to make "our lives sublime." It is a privilege to live in this day, when we can throw our lives into this struggle for human rights—not merely freedom for one race, but "liberty for all and chains for none." What do you find? You find the slave a chattel. Restore to him the rights of a man! You find him with the mildew of slavery upon his soul, and the blight of oppression upon his heart, and will you not resolve that you will not cease your labours till you have sent the vital fluid of liberty through every nerve and the life-blood of freedom through every vein (loud applause). What if this reform is persecuted? what if men cast obloquy upon it? Other reforms have been persecuted. The men who murdered Jesus Christ now sleep in forgotten graves. He lives enshrined in the hearts of all who accept him as the true and living Christ. Men tried to crush out the Reformation, when Luther shook the slumbering mind of Europe and jarred the papal throne to its centre. For this the Inquisition devised its tortures, the *auto de fé* claimed its victims. Yet it lived on, lived till the Inquisition became a thing of the past, and the *auto de fé* ceased to claim its victims, and Protestant kings sat on the very thrones from which bloody edicts had been issued against the children of the reformation? Who says this reform has not a glorious future? Who says, in the infidelity of his heart, that this cause will not triumph? Oh! we may hope that what we have seen are only the first steps of a mighty advancement, the faintest corruscations of a day which may yet dawn with unclouded splendor upon our sin-cursed and slavery-darkened republic (loud and prolonged cheering.)

The meeting then adjourned to meet in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The members and friends of the Society met informally to consider the present aspects and wants of the cause. No business was transacted, the time being chiefly occupied in discussing and defining the "freedom of the platform" in relation to questions of theology, in respect to which the members of the Society do not even expect to agree. The reporter was not present, and it is impossible for any one to state, from memory, the views urged by the different speakers.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order about 8 o'clock, when the platform was taken by EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., of Boston.

MR. QUINCY said he had been thinking that it was just twenty years since he first attended a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the year 1838, and it had occurred to him to reflect upon the vast changes which had taken place in this country during that period. What prodigious strides had the American people taken towards their glory or their doom, as the case might be, according as they might yet decide as to their future course!

The speaker then reviewed the history of the country for the last twenty years, as connected with the slavery question, referring to the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, which grew out of that iniquity, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, the repeal of the Ordinance of '87, the Kansas question, and the long catalogue of slaveholding usurpations and aggressions. These events, he said, had been made necessary, by the concession of the enemy, by the Anti-Slavery movement, in its modern shape, as initiated and inaugurated by WM. LLOYD GARRISON (applause). That was the great fact in our history. The Slave Power, from the very first moment that it heard that the air of Massachusetts had been stirred by the breath of a man who declared slavery to be a crime against God, and therefore a sin to be *immediately* repented of and *instantly* abandoned, knew, by the true instinct of tyrants, that its sentence of death had been pronounced—that it was only a question of time when that sentence should be executed.

Looking at the history of the country for the last twenty years, and its results, as they appear upon the map of the country, it did not appear that the Abolitionists had made any great progress; but he held that the very fact of this spread of slave territory was a proof of progress; for was it not the very consequence of the terror, the apprehension, and the wise forecast of the slaveholders, and a testimony to the wisdom which has, from the beginning, informed and inspired the Anti-Slavery movement?

During all this time, said Mr. Quincy, while all the political parties and religious sects in the country have changed, the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the organizations which it represents, have alone stood where they were. Their policy, indeed, they have changed. They have gone on, as they have conceived, from light to light. They have altered their views of the Constitution of the United States, and their attitude under it. But the great central idea of the Anti-Slavery movement they have never changed; and by that they have tried all opinions, all parties, all sects, all Churches. They have brought the Church and the State to their bar; they have given them an impartial hearing; and when they deserved condemnation, they have condemned them, and when they have deserved applause, they have given them the meed of their approbation.

The Whigs—where are they? Vanished—gone—the places that knew them know them no more forever. Their very name has perished from off the earth. The Democrats—where are they? By bribery and corruption, by the purchase of ignorant and servile voters in the State of Pennsylvania, they have bought a name to live up to this day. They have a man in the White House at Washington, who represents them in name, but we all know how the substance of the Democratic party faded away at the last general election; and we know that if Northern men do but a hundredth part of their duty, at the next Presidential election, the name of the Democratic party may pass away from the earth like that of the Whig, and the places that knew them know them no more forever (applause). I do not know that the party that will take its place will be any better, but it will be different, it will have a different name, it will have received a different baptism, and it will inevitably have, to a great extent, a different character and a new policy.

It must be acknowledged that where the anti-slavery idea has been introduced into the political arena, its tendency has been to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," until it has now very nearly reached the vanishing point. There was the Liberty party—that party had a noble platform. They adopted the idea of the inherent sinfulness of slavery, and aimed to destroy slavery by political power; and as long as they were few, and poor, and insignificant, they held to that doctrine. But the temptation of 1848 came, and then they fell back from that doctrine, and went not against slavery, but against its extension on to free soil, and the party of Liberty became the party of Free Soil. Well, that failed; and the next attempt has been, as you know—and it was almost successful—not for the abolition of slavery, not even for the prohibition of the extension of slavery into States, or Territories now free, but for the exclusion of slavery from Territories which do not choose to receive it. That was certainly narrowing the matter down to a very fine point—one that can scarcely be seen; and what the next will be, God alone knows, and possibly Mr. Douglas (laughter).

Now, Mr. President, under all this and through all this, I see the great movement which has issued forth from the heart of the nation, as represented by the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, which has modified the public sentiment of the country, and produced these various events to which I have alluded. I do not believe, although I have spoken (as the members of those parties may consider it) in disparaging terms of the Free Soil and Republican parties—I do not believe that the leaders of those parties and their platforms rightly represent them. I believe there is much more anti-slavery in the heart of the nation than is expressed in the platform of the Republican party, or by the speeches or in the resolutions of the men who represent it in public. I do not believe that the great movement in the Northern States which nearly carried Mr. Fremont into the White House sprang merely from the desire that Kansas should have slaves if she wanted them and should not if she did not. I believe that the great mass of the people who went into that movement really believed that there was a great anti-slavery feeling and desire underlying it, and they went into the work believing that they were not merely to give Kansas this paltry privilege, but that they were really fighting a great battle for freedom, and that, in fact, the election of Fremont would be a great stride towards the abolition of slavery, and the suppression of the insolences of the Slave Power.

In view of all these things, I have only to thank God and take courage. I believe that it is solely from the light of truth which has been poured into the thick darkness which covered this nation that the people have seen slavery as it is; that they have been taught to see that the blighting shadow of slavery falls upon their own prosperity; that it is a question not merely affecting the blacks but almost as intimately affecting themselves, and their own dearest rights and interests. The Anti-Slavery movement has educated the people up to their present point, and it but remains for the Abolitionists to be true to themselves to finish this education, which goes on very fast, to compel a political movement in the future which shall yet answer every political purpose which a political movement can answer. But, after all, political movements are but the shadow; moral ideas are the substance. Jesus Christ spoke a great philosophical truth, as well as a divinely moral one, when he said, "The kingdom of God is *within* you." Not only the kingdom of God, but the kingdom of man, is within you. Only Ideas are royal and imperial; Institutions are but the crown, the sceptre and the robe. Let the ideas be changed, and all that is external will be changed. Change the form of the substance, and of course the form of the shadow will change with it. In this faith, I accepted the idea of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and I have, for the best part of my life, been as faithful to it as I knew how to be; and, God helping me, I will strive to be faithful to the end (applause); believing that by so doing I best discharge the duty which every man owes to himself, to the age in which he lives, to the country which gave him birth, and to the generations which are to come after him (applause).

SPEECH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

I do not know that there is anything to be done here, this evening, to make us a unit on this question of freedom and equality. We come together from various parts of the country—strangers, more or less, to each other—and, personally, not knowing what are the peculiar views entertained by each. But, then, so far as the bulk of this audience is concerned, I suppose I may take it for granted that you are from the free States, and that very few are from the South.

First, a word in regard to the South.

There are those who say they do not marvel at all that slaveholders are unwilling to part with their slave property. Well, I also think that Southern men are behaving very much according to human nature, in its ordinary manifestations, in view of the fact that, inheriting an old institution, and finding it sustained by all that is deemed respectable, honourable and religious in the South, they feel that to ask them to give up their slaves is tantamount to asking the men of the North to give up their houses and lands; and he, surely, would be regarded as a fool or a madman who should undertake to prove to the people of the North the enormity of holding horses, sheep and swine as property, and should call upon them, in the name of the living God, to cease holding such as property. I do not wonder that slaveholders strain every nerve to perpetuate slavery. As slaveholders, they are sagacious, far-sighted, and prompt to do the very thing that needs to be done to preserve their slave system intact. They are not extravagant in any effort they make; they do not employ one single slave-driver too many; they do not own one superfluous bloodhound; they have none too many fetters; none too many whips; they have a slave code exactly adapted to the necessities of their position—everything complete and perfect, from beginning to end.

Now, the apology is often made at the North, in their behalf, that they are acting just as other men act, under kindred circumstances. I grant it. So, when you send your missionaries to the ends of the earth to grapple with heathenish idolatry, do the idol-worshippers believe? They do not accept your "one only living and true God"—they believe in gods; and, therefore, they resent the intrusion, and do precisely what we have a right to expect idolaters will do to protect their idolatrous system. Nevertheless, idolatry is a false religion, and the true God ought to be known and honored in all parts of the earth, let the consequences be what they may. So in regard to this system of slavery.

Men who are slaveholders must dread free discussion. I do not wonder that no man is tolerated on Southern soil, with a free soul and a free tongue, for the toleration of one such man would insure the abolition of slavery at no distant day, and the tyrant knows it. "Instinct is a great matter." Give me a single free press in Russia, and I will guarantee the upturning of autocracy. Grant me freedom of speech in France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and I will speedily effect a revolution, and work out the problem of universal emancipation. Therefore it is that, in all those despotic countries, not a visible freeman stands upon their soil, and every press is fettered. What! cannot the French Emperor, or the Roman Pope, or the Russian Czar claiming to rule "by the grace of God," with everything in his grasp, allow one free press or one free spirit to exist in his dominions? Not one—not one! This tells the whole story: it is a confession of conscious injustice and indefensible tyranny. And so in all the South, no man speaks, no man can speak, as a free man and live. Slavery will not bear investigation.

Now, I say, if slavery is to continue, we must have just this condition of things. It is absurd to talk about the cruel treatment by slaveholders of their slaves, while conceding the right of property in man. They are not necessarily brutal; they do the best they can, under the circumstances.

If, then, it is to be expected that, on Southern soil, Southern men will stand up for slave institutions, let me ask you, men of the Empire State, men of the North, whether we are not bound, on our side of the line, to stand up as boldly and uncompromisingly in favour of free institutions? Why should we not do so? And if we are false to our own principles and professions, the more shame to us.

Now, throughout our mighty North, you know we have settled one thing—that slavery shall not be one of our institutions. Not a solitary slave clanks his chains on our Northern soil. We have put an end to chattel servitude as it once existed among us. This was well done, was it not? We abolished it because of its inherent injustice and immorality; because it could not be defended; because it was a blighting curse; because man was never made to be a slave, and freedom is the inalienable right of all (applause). If this is so, then I hold that they who undertake to frame or furnish apologies in behalf of Southern slaveholders, and bring up objections against Abolitionists, are not Northern men, but recreant to their own principles, and should migrate to the South (applause).

We are "fanatics," forsooth! and the men who are dinging this taunt at us are the very men who have, by constitutional enactment, in the Empire State, throughout the whole North, subscribed to the doctrine of "*Garrisonian*" Abolitionism! No man is allowed to be a slaveholder here. Tell me, men of the Empire State, why not? How dare you pass a law making it penal for me to take even the very first step towards making a slave? How dare you have a law interfering with my benevolence, and philanthropy, so that when I see a poor creature, who "cannot take care of himself," I may not seize him, and claim him as my property—for *his* good, of course? If you say, God has not authorized me to hold a slave here, then, I say, he has not authorized it at the South. There are not two Gods—one for the North, and one for the South—and if He makes it immoral to hold slaves at the North, he makes it no less immoral to hold slaves at the South. Before you reject a single doctrine I have laid down, you have got to burn every Northern State Constitution. I do not transcend them a hair's breadth. The only difference between me and the people of the North is, that I am for a consistent and uncompromising adherence to the doctrine they have laid down, and they are not (applause).

Men say we must not impeach the honesty of Southern slaveholders; we must not question their patriotism; especially, we must not doubt their piety. For are they not orthodox in their religious faith, and "bound for the kingdom"? Have they not been baptized, and do they not eat the sacramental bread and drink the sacramental wine? Are they not members of the Church of Christ? Who shall presume to cast suspicion upon the piety of men who have done all this? It is a clear case that they hold their slaves benevolently, and for their good, and therefore are not to be condemned? Do you mean all that? Is it so that, in Carolina, men are benevolent, high-minded, patriotic, Christian, and yet slaveholders? Do you really mean to say that? Then, I ask, why do you prevent high-minded, benevolent, Christian men, here in the Empire State, from becoming slaveholders? How will it tarnish my Christian character if I enslave a man here? And why should it justly subject me to reproach and infamy? Where is your consistency?

I do not wonder that the North is driven to the wall, by the South, in this controversy. Against such glaring contradictions, such a shuffling morality, the slaveholder has the argument. For if you concede his right to hold slaves on his own plantation, on the ground of benevolence, and in consistency with morality and religion, then he logically answers that it cannot be wrong to hold slaves in the Empire State, and slavery ought to be a universal institution. The argument, I repeat, is with the slaveholder.

What I want to see is consistency. I see it at the South—I see nothing but inconsistency at the North. The slaveholders are resolved to exterminate freedom universally. Rely upon it, we shall have the very forms of republican government overthrown in this land, and a military despotism substituted, unless slavery be abolished. The slaveholder cares nothing for the rights of any man. He who, to promote his own interests, would enslave one human being, would as readily fasten the chain upon every other human being, for the same reason. The cry of the slave oligarchy is, "Down with the liberty of the press! down with freedom of speech! away with the Declaration of Independence! Slavery forever, and everywhere!" The worst doctrines of Toryism are constantly avowed in the Southern journals—from the lips of Southern men, in

Congress and out of it—and an open, bold, absolute denial of the rights of man, without regard to race or color, is everywhere heard, without alarm, and even with general acquiescence—a sure indication that we are fast ripening for a military despotism.

As a matter of fact, with regard to the victims of slavery, all complexional distinctions have long since ceased; and an audience might be gathered up from the Southern plantations, from among those who are now clanking the chain, and brought into this hall, as fair, as white, as beautiful to the view, as those now before me. Complexion is no longer any safeguard. No man's household is safe, on the ground that he is an Anglo-Saxon, and his children are of his own blood. Then, again, the theory of the South is that slavery is not a question of race, but of caste—the strong against the weak, the rich against the poor; that all who labour with their hands to earn an honest livelihood are ordained of God to be made slaves. The workingmen of the North are branded as nothing better than "mud-sills" by the Southern lords of the lash, even on the floor of the Senate of the United States, who despise and hate the North because she is hard-working, industrious, self-supporting, and finds her prosperity in free labour, and her safety and glory in free institutions. The aim of the Slave Power is to overthrow all the institutions which we cherish so deeply, and, if possible, to inaugurate a bloody slaveholding military despotism, by a sudden *coup d'état*, and thus enable another Louis Napoleon to seize the reins of government, and rule as with a rod of iron, as unhappy France is ruled to-day by its perfidious betrayer.

What a strange spectacle is presented to the world! While America is eagerly bent on perpetuating her accursed system, the Czar of Russia is busy in striking off the fetters from the limbs of the serfs in his empire! While I blush for my country, I take off my hat to the Czar for that praiseworthy act. Nevertheless, I would like to reduce him to the size of a common man, and put an end to autocratic rule forever. My motto is, "No King, no Emperor, no Pope!" Not even a Queen—for, though I honor Victoria as a wife and mother, yet I would say even to her, "I go for your dethronement, except as I would have every woman a queen, as I would have every man a king" (applause).

Now, what we, as Abolitionists, have been trying to do has been simply to make the North consistent—to induce her to carry out the doctrines laid down in her own Constitutions. Was such a thing ever heard of before, of a people willing to allow others to have rights on their soil which they will not concede to one another? While we deny to our own citizens the right to hold a man in bondage, because it is an immoral and sinful act, we yet say to the citizens of the South, "If your slaves escape, and take refuge in our borders, you may hunt them with impunity; and if you can run them down, we will consent to your carrying them back to bondage." I want no more running away to Canada! I think the Empire State is as good as Canada—at least, ought to be (applause)—and my word to you is this: we have allowed slave-hunting among us long enough—what do you think of it (loud applause)? We ought to make this soil too hot for any slave-hunter to stand upon one moment (renewed applause). Let us resolve that we will have no more palpitations of the heart here, on the part of the flying fugitive; no more hiding away in dark cellars, or running into the woods, to avoid the pursuer; and that every fugitive slave shall be made free whenever and wherever he is disposed to take up his abode with us. Shame on our religion, shame on our patriotism, that the only thing we can now do for the poor trembling fugitive is to say, "You are not safe here! True, the city of New York is mighty in its wealth, and strong in its power; it is multitudinous in its population—almost a million of men and women strong; its churches swarm with hearers, the religion of the Son of God is here professed, and the people say they accept it; but, if you would not again wear the chain, get out of this city—away for your life—for something dearer than life, your liberty—to the free soil of Canada!" Now, we must put a stop to this. We must have a revival, a genuine, thorough-going revival of pure, freedom-loving, freedom-giving Christianity (loud applause).

A word in regard to the so-called revival of religion now going on in the land. One of the resolutions before us, on this subject—drawn up, I thought, very guardedly—elicited such serpent-like hisses in the galleries that it was really refreshing to my spirit (laughter and applause). It brought back the memory of thirty years ago; I felt about "as good as new" in the struggle (renewed laughter). Seriously, we do need a genuine revival of religion in our land—would to God we might have it! "The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint, and we are full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." Our hands are full of blood, and we cannot deny it. We need a genuine revival of religion—a religion which is pure and spotless, which has no injustice in it, which has no lash to apply to the naked bodies of defenceless women, which does not steal women and children, which does not traffic in human flesh, which goes for immediate and universal emancipation. We want a religion of this kind; and God forbid that I should say anything which would tend to prevent a revival of such a religion as this! But we have a right, in regard to the revival now going on in our land, to inquire what is the tendency thereof. Does it favor the cause of impartial freedom, or make against it?

Some of the features of this revival are worth looking at. In the first place, I will tell you why I think it is spurious—not in regard to individual cases, for I am not speaking of them, but to the nation at large. It is a wide-spread epidemic, everywhere exhibiting the same characteristics and results. It prevails at the North, and also at the South. There is the same general confession of sin, which means little—the same profession of repentance, which means less—and the same conversion to the same religious faith; and yet, there is no change of spirit or purpose toward the millions in bondage, on the part of those who claim to have been turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living God (applause and hisses).

Let us argue the matter a little. I suppose we shall not differ about the fact that we are, as a nation, horribly wicked. Certainly, the American Church, which holds in bondage, through its members, seven hundred thousand slaves, is tolerably corrupt! There must be a good deal of blood upon the garments of such a Church! There is no end to political corruption and demagogueism. If the Prince of Darkness has ever held complete supremacy anywhere, it is at the present time, in America. Now, you have a genuine revival of religion going on, mark you!—good, holy—that hates the wrong, defends the right, loves man, hates tyranny. Have you got it? If so, then there is a tremendous strife going on in the land with "principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places." The antagonistic elements of heaven and hell are now in fierce conflict, and a blood-stained Church and State are shaken to their foundations, as by a mighty earthquake! But does anybody tremble? No! Is Satan uneasy? Never more easy! Is corruption terrified? Why, it goes soundly to sleep, and snores over it (applause). A genuine revival of religion would scare James Buchanan, so that he could not sleep of nights (laughter and applause)—and the whole South would be up in arms to resist this invading spirit, and, if possible, to lynch it.

Now, when all is calm and peaceful, in the midst of all-abounding corruption, how dare you say that the spirit of the living God is at work? How dare you say that we have a revival of the religion of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer? Let exceptional cases be granted—that, here and there, a man may be changed from an evil course to a good one—it does not affect the general fact, it does not invalidate the statement, that the revival of which we hear so much is spurious and worthless, because it gives no trouble to the corruption, the demagogueism, or the demon-spirit of slavery in the land.

You know they are determined on having the piratical foreign slave trade reopened at the South, and are looking for the time, not far distant, when it will be made a legitimate branch of American commerce. Yet among the very people who are thus desirous to extend and perpetuate slavery, and to renew the African slave traffic, the revival is spreading and converts are multiplying in all directions. They have prayer-meetings in Washington, in Richmond, in Charleston, in Savannah, in New Orleans; they pray earnestly to *their* God, and at the same time that they *prey* upon their poor manacled slaves, and are determined to have more victims (applause). I say it is a sham! Now let any one who wishes to hiss relieve his bosom. [There was a very significant silence, broken at last by loud applause.]

If any religion leaves a fetter upon my limbs, I shall denounce it as spurious, call it by what name you please. As every other human being is by creation entitled to the same rights as I am, any religion which leaves any man in bondage is equally deserving of execration (applause).

[Mr. Garrison proceeded to illustrate the nature of the revival in Boston, by referring to the active participancy in it of the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of that city, the author of "A South-side View of Slavery"—a book which he pronounced to be as false, deceptive and godless, as was ever published. He referred to the prayers that had been offered in the meetings in Park street vestry, that God would "put a hook into the jaws" of Theodore Parker, or "remove him out of the way," or smite him with impotency, and paid a merited tribute to the mental independence, moral intrepidity, and philanthropic and progressive spirit of Mr. Parker, which elicited warm applause. He then said:]

I judge the present revival, and determine its true character, by a very sure test. I am an editor, and my exchange list embraces papers from every part of the land. These I examine with watchful and constant solicitude, from day to day. My finger is continually upon the pulse of the nation. I know, if any man can know, what is the heart of the American people, because the press is the general exponent of their real feelings and sentiment; and, therefore, I should be a dull scholar not to know what is the lesson it teaches. Everywhere revealing to me the fact, as it does, that the present revival is viewed with complacency and approbation by the most pro-slavery divines, by unprincipled political demagogues, by the satantic journals, by all who are hostile or indifferent to the cause of down-trodden humanity, I am sure it cannot be of God, whatever exceptional cases there may be in any part of the land—for if it were, they would assuredly be alarmed by its prevalence, and attempt to suppress it.

All this talk about "coming to Christ" is, to my ear, as melancholy as a wail for the dead, because it defines nothing, it means nothing, except in a sectarian sense; it gives no aid to the understanding, it does not reach the heart; it is destitute of moral courage, and seeks only conformity to a ritual religion. Now, the Christ who is not "despised and rejected of men" in a thoroughly corrupt age, whose sympathies are not for the poor and oppressed, and to whom ostentatious homage is paid by the pharisaical and time-serving, cannot save us here or hereafter. Throughout the South, they offer up prayers to Christ, and profess to venerate his name; but do I exaggerate when I say, the Christ they adore is a slave-holding, slave-breeding, slave-trading Christ? And is not such the Christ of America to-day, as interpreted and accepted by the American pulpit and Church?

I glory in the Christ of Judea, because he was willing to be made of no reputation for righteousness' sake, and dared to confront popular iniquity, and exposed a rotten religion, to the sacrifice of his life. How my pulses leap, how my heart glows, as I read his history! How divine was his spirit—how world-embracing his love! "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" His spirit we need; we want the same moral heroism, the same abiding faith in the living God, the same willingness to "endure the cross," as he exhibited; so shall we find salvation.

I am for a genuine revival of religion—for no compromise with crime—for emancipating every slave—for man universally, and God the Father of us all (loud applause).

WENDELL PHILLIPS was then loudly called for, but excused himself from making a speech with the remark that if any one in the audience wanted to add anything to the speech to which they had just listened, he should be glad to hear him; but, for himself, he had no such ambition.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY.

FORENOON SESSION.

The meeting was called to order a few moments past 10 o'clock, by the President.

On motion of SAMUEL MAY, Jr., a Committee to nominate officers of the Society for the year ensuing was appointed by the Chair, as follows: J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia; Samuel May, Jr, of Leicester; Aaron M. Powell, of Ghent, N. Y.; Lydia Mott, of Albany; Chas. F. Hovey, of Boston; Amy Post, of Rochester; James N. Buffum, of Lynn; John Ketchum, of Long Island; Parker Pillsbury, of New Hampshire.

Mr. May then read the following letter from Rev. A. D. MAYO, which, on motion of OLIVER JOHNSON, it was voted to publish with the proceedings of the Anniversary.

LETTER FROM REV. A. D. MAYO.

ALBANY, April 27, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I thank you most sincerely for your cordial invitation to speak at the Anti-Slavery Anniversary in New York on the 11th and 12th of May.

You will believe me when I say that I count it an honor to be invited to the platform occupied by the faithful men and women who so long have fought in the front of our great national battle against despotism. While I never was able to see the duties of a citizen of the United States in the light which they assume to most of our friends, I am convinced that only a criticism as relentless, a courage and fidelity as persisent as theirs can arouse the people to a realization of the curse that is stealing upon us, and shame into a decent regard for the rights of man those supple and mercenary politicians into whose hands the decision of all great questions invariably falls in a republic.

I do not, therefore, excuse myself from your platform on any plea of want of sympathy with your objects. With your moral warfare against oppression my whole soul agrees; and your honorable attitude towards all whose theory of action is not your own would be an additional incentive to come.

But, my dear sir, the longer I am in the harness, the more I am reminded that we all have limitations which a wise man should not rashly overstep. I am no platform speaker, in the sense that the eloquent men who speak in these Anniversaries are distinguished. To go upon your platform on these great occasions would necessitate such elaborate and anxious preparation as would inevitably distract my mind from the absorbing duties of my professional life. Again and again am I reminded that if I stand on a post of duty so laborious and peculiar as my present one, and keep my work where it is now, I must cut off from exhausting efforts outside. I am trying the experiment of sustaining in the capital of New York a pulpit where all despotism, priestly and political, social or private, shall encounter a rebuke, gathering strength every year; whence a word may go forth which shall arrest the people amid their superstitious ecclesiasticism and semi-barbarian materialism, and guide them to the glorious liberty of the children of God. I am more convinced every day that the American Church, through its contempt of man and false idea of life, has become the corner-stone of all the tyranny in our land; and I foresee the time when our people must either be won to a theology which respects human nature and includes the life that now is, or skepticism and moral anarchy will be the end of the present fanatical excesses and ceremonial decencies that make up so large a portion of the popular religion.

In devoting all the little ability and less bodily vigor I have to this mighty work, I claim a fellowship with all who are laboring for man everywhere. I am doing the thing nearest your heart better where I am, from my own pulpit, amid the circle that I can reach by voice and pen, with prospect of longer service, than if I stepped into the more exciting arena of public conventions, for which my temperament and education disqualify me. I cannot, of course, say that I shall always be compelled to keep within my present circle. I am now doing all that prudence and the utmost stretch of obligation justify. Should greater ability to labor in the future permit me to add to my ordinary duties the opportunities of a platform speaker at your anniversaries, I know I should be welcome, and should claim the privilege with as much readiness as I now decline.

In true sympathy for Freedom, A. D. MAYO.

To Samuel May, Jr.

Rev. Mr. JOHNSTON, of Vermont, then came forward and said: I am about to offer a resolution under circumstances to me very painful; but upon reflection, I think I cannot be faithful to my God, to my Master whom I love, to the Church of Christ, dear to my heart, and especially to the slave, with whom I wish to be identified in this great movement, without offering this resolution, especially in view of the proceedings of yesterday afternoon, which will go forth to the world.

Mr. Johnston then read the following resolution:

Whereas it has been published in the public press, and the statement made in this Society yesterday, that two Old School Covenanter Churches of this city had recently refused to open their houses for anti-slavery meetings, on the alleged ground that one of the lecturers was to be a woman; and whereas it has also been published and stated, in like manner, that the pastor of one of these congregations refused, in case the meetings contemplated should be held in a public hall, to announce the same from his pulpit on the Sabbath, on the alleged ground that the meetings or notices were secular; therefore,

Resolved, That while we decidedly condemn the conduct of those congregations and of that pastor, yet we are not aware that there is anything in the creed of the Old School Covenanter Church giving the least sanction to such conduct, but, on the contrary, when known to the people at large, in that denomination, will meet with its merited censure as pro-slavery.

After a brief discussion of the resolution, the opinion being pretty generally expressed by the speakers that it was not competent for the Society to discuss or pass judgment upon the creed of any Church, the resolution was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed with the proceedings.

Rev. WM. H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them as follows:

SPEECH OF REV. W. H. FURNESS.

MR. PRESIDENT: I very much dislike to hear a public speaker begin with personal remarks and apologies; but it may be pardoned, perhaps, in so young and inexperienced a speaker as I am (laughter), if I ask leave to inform the audience (begging them not to expect a speech from me) that I fortify myself, in appearing upon this platform, with the noble example of the Apostle Paul, who was willing to be counted a fool for Christ. I seem it so great a privilege, so high an honor, to stand here among these faithful friends of the slave, that I am perfectly willing to stammer and to fall dumb. The inspiration of the place comes upon me so full and strong that it impedes my utterance; and my difficulty is, not that I cannot find anything to say, but that I know not where to begin. But if I turned my eyes to look upon this monstrous wrong which we are assailing, it seems to me that all articulate speech would be lost in one cry of horror and indignation. I stand here as upon holy ground—as upon a spot honestly and sincerely devoted to human freedom—the only spot in the whole country which is so, and to me it is hallowed ground, hallowed down to earth's profound, and up to heaven. I come to this meeting as to emphatically the *religious* meeting of the year and of the week. I am perfectly aware that the outside world looks upon our friends as a band of political disturbers; but I recollect that he whose name not only stands for religion, but is the sum and substance of religion in many a mind, Jesus Christ, was crucified as a political disturber; and if the news of his crucifixion (though hardly important enough, at the time, to go so far) had been told in the polite circles of Rome, or in any of the great cities of Greece—Athens, or Corinth, or Ephesus—if it had been told that a man had been crucified as a political disturber in the distant and obscure province of Judea, under the Roman Procurator—and if, moreover, those same wise men, the wisest in Greece and Rome, had been told that that identical malefactor, as he was esteemed, that crucified Nazarene, was destined to become the divinest symbol that mankind knew of the religious, the sacred, the divine, the idea would have been received as the wildest insanity, as the most far-fetched idea that ever fell from human lips. And yet, behold the fact! As I said before, the name of Jesus is not merely the symbol of religion, but it is, to thousands, the sum and substance of religion. From this fact we may take heart and hope that, however we may bear before the country and the world the aspect of a political association, we have, in fact, the most religious of truths, the central principle of the Christian religion. It is Christ come again, not as he came of old, not in a person of unequalled and transcendent excellence, of God-like purity and greatness, but he comes to us now in the persons of four millions of imbruted slaves, and of I know not how many white men made worse slaves in the act of enslaving their brethren (loud applause).

I wish to suggest one view of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause which, amidst many imposing signs to the contrary, has been of great comfort and cheer to my own mind. You are all aware that, before the agitation of this subject, the Courts of the South—it has been affirmed by those who have looked into the matter—in all cases in which slaves were concerned, always leaned to the side of the slave. Mr. Hale, of the United States Senate, told me, some years ago, that he had been looking into the law books, and found that was the character of Southern decisions. You have all seen in the papers, within the last few days, the decision of a Judge in Virginia (Judge Daniels, I believe), in which he denies the power of the slave to choose between freedom and bondage, when the choice is given to him by the last will and testament of his master. Now, I mention this fact because it looks as if our efforts in this cause were doing more harm than good, and the indication to this effect which I have mentioned is not the only one. We have these monstrous strides of the Slave Power, in the command and administration of the Government, and all these political and civil transactions look as if slavery, American slavery, were striking its roots deeper, and spreading its poisonous branches over the whole world. But to me it seems that as the civil and political machinery of this country gives slavery its only support, as slavery has no foundation in reason, in conscience, in nature, and can only be upheld and protected by positive enactment, it follows, of course, that as soon as the Slave Power begins to perceive the moral basis upon which it rests giving way underneath—when it sees the reason, intelligence and conscience of the country waking up, it flies for safety and protection to its only "city of refuge," and that is in the Government and in the laws.

These considerations, I think, explain, very satisfactorily, the apparent spread and triumph of the Slave Power. The whole process is very vividly symbolized to my mind by the action of the ocean on the sea shore—at Cape May, for instance, where our Philadelphia people go to refresh themselves in summer. The upper wave flows in with great noise and great rapidity, and seems eager to swallow the whole land; while, at the same time, there is an under wave, unseen, silent, which returns underneath—the under-tow—very slowly, imperceptibly, and yet it is a terror to all who go in to refresh themselves amid the tumult and foam of the breakers. Any one who goes out amid the breakers beyond—what I trust your quick-conceiving minds have interpreted as the political wave—is in great danger of being taken off his feet, and carried away into the ocean, which is the symbol of Liberty (loud applause).

I wish here and now to express my most hearty personal acknowledgments to the Anti-Slavery cause for the light which it has thrown for me upon the primitive history of our religion, as it is contained in the New Testament. It appears to me that, had it not been for this movement, which distinguishes the age, the New Testament would be to me, to this day, a sealed book. But now, Providence, in its bounty, has afforded us a commentary and illustration of the sacred page, in the events which are continually going on before our eyes; and it seems to me that any one who really wishes to know where the path of right and duty lies with reference to this great question, if he were to pray for light from Heaven to guide him, he could have no revelation more explicit, more direct, no voice speaking out of the sky could speak with more directness, than many a passage in the New Testament, one of which, with your permission, I beg to mention as an illustration. The Pharisees came to Jesus and asked him why his disciples all ate bread without washing their hands, thus "making of none effect the traditions of the elders"? Jesus replied, "Why do you make of none effect the commandment of God by your traditions? for God has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother; and whosoever honoreth not father and mother, let him die.' But you say, 'If a man will consecrate to the use of the temple whatever he might use for the wants of his parents, he shall be absolved from his filial obligation'."

Now, friends, is not this case perfectly parallel to what we witness before our eyes? God hath said, "Relieve the oppressed"; "bewray not him that wandereth"; "hide not thyself from thine own flesh"; "do unto others as ye would that others should do to you"; "love thy neighbor as thyself"; and yet, this temple of our Union and our Constitution "makes of none effect the commandment of God," and the people are taught—taught by professors, and doctors of divinity, by the very scribes, the teachers and commentators of the law—that if they will give to the Union and the Constitution that support, that sympathy, which they might expend in helping their suffering and enslaved brother, they shall be free from that obligation. The cases, to my mind, are perfectly parallel.

And, once more. It was not until our friends here said that the stronghold of slavery is the Church, that I got so much as a glimpse of what St. Paul means when he says, "The strength of sin is the law." The Apostle was engaged in a great warfare against sin, but the upholders and idolizers of the law of Judaism, a religion of forms and ceremonies, stood in his way, they stood guard over the sin which he endeavoured to assault, and therefore he said, "The strength of sin is the law." I have no doubt his language sounded to many a Jew as harsh, as profane and blasphemous as the language of our friends here sounds to many an advocate of the Church.

Before I sit down, I wish to call attention to one single circumstance which I have not seen noticed in any of our meetings, and that is, that the New York *Tribune*, and the Republican party generally, are found discussing the question—as if it were a question to be discussed!—whether Stephen A. Douglas, of the U. S. Senate, should be admitted to the Republican party, and perhaps bear its banner at the next Presidential election. I do not know any indication of the demoralized state of the political world and of parties more melancholy than this. Mr. Douglas stood in the Senate and saw our friend Charles Sumner brutally assaulted without raising a finger to his rescue, and afterwards gave some lame and impotent apology. Now, I speak as the personal friend of Charles Sumner, and I say that until Mr. D. stands up in the Senate, and before the whole country acknowledges his great sin, his inhumanity, his border-ruffianism, he is not to be taken by the hand by any Republican (loud applause). I could wish, friends, but I suppose a man cannot enter the political arena without leaving some of his manhood behind him ("hear, hear")—I could wish, friends, that our Representatives and Senators at Washington would show a little more self-respect. It seems to me that this whole question is settled by very simple and instinctive feelings. As the personal friend of Charles Sumner, I am not going to have anything to say to such men as Toombs and Douglas (applause). And how is it, when a Southern man dies, our Northern men are found volunteering their eulogies? Why, in Heaven's name, cannot they "let their dead bury their dead" (loud applause)?

THE PRESIDENT—We are all happy to have heard from the beloved friend who has just addressed us, whom we should be happy to hear anywhere—a man who combines the sweet temperament of Melancthon with the firmness and intrepidity of Luther, and who has been "faithful among the faithless found," in his place in Philadelphia. I have the pleasure to introduce another faithful friend of the slave from the same city, J. MILLER MCKIM.

SPEECH OF JAMES MILLER MCKIM.

MR. CHAIRMAN: My friend Mr. Phillips, in his admirable speech, yesterday, made some remarks about Pennsylvania, which, albeit they were true and altogether pertinent, nevertheless touched somewhat my *amor patriæ*. Allow me, if you please, to say a word in behalf of my native State, and to assure you that, much as may be said and said with truth against her, Pennsylvania is nevertheless a great State. I don't mean by that that she is great in her geographical dimensions; that she is 300 miles long by 200 broad, embracing a surface of 45,000 square miles, containing two and a half millions of people, and possessing enormous material wealth. I don't mean that—though that is something. Nor do I mean that she is great in her historical memories and revolutionary antecedents; that she had Wm. Penn for her founder, and from him received many of her institutions and laws; that she numbered among her citizens a Franklin, a Rush and a Thomas Morris; that her soil was moistened by the blood of Brandywine, Germantown and Valley Forge, and that from the dome of her capitol rang the first peals of American Independence. That's not what I mean, though it is nevertheless something to be sprung of good stock, and to feel the present moral influence of past honorable achievements. Nor do I mean, when I say that Pennsylvania is great—most certainly I do not mean—that she is great because she has produced the greatest number of mean doughfaces, and the largest catalogue of base political sycophants furnished by any of the Free States. Nevertheless, that such is the fact, I am compelled in candor to admit. Pennsylvania has taken the lead of all her sister States in truckling subserviency to the South, and her Democracy have not only been the faithful allies, but the obedient bond slaves of the slaveholders If at any time it has been deemed necessary, for the benefit of slavery, to pass a mean law, a law curtailing the prerogatives of Freedom and designed to ensure the integrity of the "peculiar institution," Pennsylvania has always furnished more than her complement of men in Congress to do the dirty work. If a gag-law was to be passed, or a Fugitive Slave law, or a law repealing the "ordinance of Freedom," or an infamous "Lecompton swindle," Pennsylvania has always had in the Senate her Sturgeons and Buchanans, her Broadheads and Biglers, and in the House her Charles J. Ingersolls and Bucks County Rosses, her John Cadwalladers, and Glancy Joneses, and Owen Joneses, her Deckerts and Reilleys, and Phillipses and Landys, and contemptible Tom Florences, and as many more of the same low-principled and easy-virtued stamp as may have been required to ensure its enactment. And if a base law, when passed, was to be enforced and put into execution, she has never lacked a Kane, or an Ingraham, a McAllister or a David Paul Brown, Jr., an Alberti, or a Kline, or a Marshal Wynkoop, to perform the dishonorable and degrading service. Nor do I mean that Pennsylvania is a great State because she possesses great political power, and sends a larger number of delegates to Congress than any other State save one, and has a more potent voice in the Electoral College than any other State save one, and that "as Pennsylvania goes, so goes the election"; and that at this moment her "favorite-on," ironically so-called, is President of the Union. This last fact, Mr. Chairman, I would keep out of sight, if I could; I feel that it damages my case; for if the accident or the circumstance of furnishing a mean man for the Presidency could belittle and disgrace a State, then, I confess, is Pennsylvania hopelessly bedwarfed and utterly degraded; for so pitiful a pettifogger and unscrupulous a political trickster as James Buchanan never before sat in the Presidential chair; and that is saying a great deal in view of the fact that it has just been vacated by Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire. Nevertheless, even this circumstance, the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency, has its redeeming features; and if not creditable to the head of my native Commonwealth, it is at least not discreditable to her heart; and this brings me to the point at which I have been aiming. Pennsylvania is great in the fact that she has beating in her bosom a great heart of humanity, in the inmost recesses of which is cherished as sincere a love of freedom, with a hatred of slavery as intense as glows in the breast of any of her sister Commonwealths. Her people, I admit, are not over intelligent; somewhat stolid they are, and a good deal innocent of learning; but they are, nevertheless, take them as a body, honest and kind-hearted, loving justice and hating oppression. I fancy you smile at this, Mr. Chairman, and I must admit that appearances are rather against us. I suppose you are thinking of the election of Mr. Buchanan; but shocking as was that demonstration of public corruption and want of principle, it was not wholly without extenuation. Pennsylvania being, as I said, not over enlightened, was credulous enough to believe her party leaders. The Republicans went among the people and said they were n't an anti-slavery party, and that slavery was not the issue of the controversy, but that *the* question to be settled was whether Kansas should come into the Union as a free State. Very well, said the champions of Mr. Buchanan, we accept the issue, and we pledge ourselves and our candidate that if Kansas desires to enter the Union as a free State, she shall come in; and we call upon you, if you are really in favor of free Kansas, to vote the Democratic ticket. So they inscribed on their banners, "Buchanan, Breckenridge and Free Kansas," and the credulous people, confiding in the pledges of men who ought to have been honest, voted for Mr. Buchanan, and now find they have been basely betrayed. They see that they have been bought and sold like the slaves of their Southern masters; and they are disgusted. *Videlicit*, the late municipal election in the City of Philadelphia. Other elections to come will tell the same tale. Give us a little more light, Mr. Chairman, help us to kindle the beacon-fires of liberty in her borders, and Pennsylvania will yet reveal herself to her sister States in her original character, as not only generous and confiding, but loving liberty and hating every form of oppression. For, say what you will, I must encourage myself and my co-laborers with the assurance that the people of Pennsylvania, at heart, love liberty. The Quakers in the East, as a body, love liberty, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the Centre and the West, the New Englanders of the North, and the honest Germans of the interior, all cherish in their hearts a sincere love of liberty; and when duly enlightened, as I trust they soon will be, they will prove to the world that this is the fact, and Pennsylvania will cease to be the bye-word and scorn of her confederates. Though slow, she is sure; like her own draught-horse, she is good for "a long pull and strong pull," and, when the time comes, "for a pull all together."

But something too much of this (cries of "Go on, go on"). I will speak of another subject. A friend has asked me to say something about the "Underground Railroad." This, you must know, Mr. Chairman, is one of the peculiar institutions of our State (applause). It is one of our most flourishing internal improvements (laughter). It is the only branch of industry that didn't suffer during the late panic (renewed laughter); it has never before done so large a business as during the past winter. It would not do, Mr. Chairman, for me to go minutely into details, in a place as public as this, but I will state for your information that the Road is well organized and well equipped; that though it has but a single track—the travel being all in one direction—it has numerous branches. These branches drain Maryland and Virginia and the upper part of North Carolina. They all converge at a point—conveniently located (laughter); and the main trunk, crossing the Pennsylvania line at another point—between the 40th and 42d parallel of latitude (renewed laughter), pursues what an old classmate of mine would have called a *circuituous* route, till it deposites its passengers in Toronto (great laughter).

Mr. Chairman, I don't allude to these facts so much on account of their particular interest as of their general significance. They denote the onward march of our movement, and help us to measure the extent of its progress. The increased number of fugitives denotes increased facilities, and increased sympathy, and a general change of feeling. Pennsylvania used to be favorite hunting-ground for the slaveholders, but since the death of Gorsuch and the defeat of the Treason trials, and other similar developments, those gentlemen give us a wide berth. They find that even their sworn "allies," however loudly they may blather before elections, are, in the last resort, not to be depended on.

Mr. Chairman, the Fugitive Slave law is practically a dead letter. There are fewer renditions now than before its passage. Treason trials for aiding in the defeat of slave-catchers are things of the past, and Passmore Williamson stands justified before the world for his "contempt" of a pro-slavery Court. Commissioner Ingram is dead, and Judge Kane is dead, and Marshal Wynkoop is dead, and Alberti's "occupation's gone." There may be now and then a slave case, as doubtless there will be till our infamous bond with the system is cancelled, but the number of these cases has been "growing small by degrees and beautifully less," and the time is not far distant, I flatter myself, Mr. Chairman, when Pennsylvania, like Massachusetts, shall say to the world that she is consecrate, to freedom and no slave's foot shall desecrate her soil (applause).

My mention of the name of Judge Kane may seem to some irreverent; and perhaps it is. It may be irreverent, and yet not be wrong. There is a much honored maxim which runs—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. This is a heathen, not a Christian, maxim. If the Evangelists had acted upon it, we shouldn't have had the plain, unvarnished and unflattered history which has been transmitted to us of Judas, and Herod, and Pilate, and Annanias and Sapphira. Their maxim was, or would have been if they had had one on the subject, *De mortuis nil* NISI VERUM—*of the dead, as of the living, say nothing but* WHAT IS TRUE. Mr. Chairman, no man of proper sensibility would wantonly wound the feelings of the living by needlessly disturbing the ashes of the dead; but when a public man, a historical man, whose life has been condemned by a Christian community, is chosen as a special subject of eulogy and canonized as a saint, the obligations of propriety are changed, and silence, instead of a duty, becomes a crime. We are bound, in such a case, by a broad and impartial charity, to open our mouths and speak the truth. I have been drawn into this train of reflection by an article which I hold in my hand, written by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn. It was first published in the *Christian Intelligencer* and afterwards copied, or parts of it, with expressions of editorial approval into the columns of the *Journal of Commerce*. It had been occasioned by some remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Cuyler, of this city, in which that gentleman, speaking of the late Dr. Kane, had referred to the Doctor's father, and had put the navigator and the Judge, the sire and the son, in a natural and not indecorously offensive contrast. Dr. Bethune makes this the occasion of giving at one and the same time a sound drubbing to his Reverend brother, and a public airing to his Christian charity. He says:

"Judge Kane was a Christian man, and he has gone before God, to whose hands he had committed himself as a sinner, hoping for the pardon of all his errors through Jesus Christ, and I refrain from the severity of epithet which would justly characterize an attempt to make his departure the occasion of showing off a jaunty antithesis.

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"I need no borrowed testimony to his worth and value. Judge Kane was for years one of my most intimate friends. Some (they were many) of the most delightful and profitable hours of my life were spent in his society. Their memory is very dear and fragrant to my heart. His death is one of the long shadows which makes this world less bright to me, and warns me of the darkness through which I must soon pass, to reach, I trust, a better land, where I have now far more friends than I have here. I knew him in the bosom of his family, the most tender and devoted husband, the kindest and most faithful of fathers, trusted and revered by a large circle of kindred and connections; and oh! how beloved and cherished by them all, no words of mine can tell you!

"It is not my aim to be my friend's eulogist. If it were, I could fill one or two of your columns with tributes to his memory from a multitude of papers, religious and secular, expressing their deep grief at his sudden death in the midst of his usefulness. Nor is it my wish to violate the religious decency of your columns with remarks on the one judicial act of his which excited a party hate against him while living that now pursues him dead.

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"I may say, without any indorsement of Passmore Williamson, that no man regretted more than I the decision which Judge Kane made on *habeas corpus* in that man's case. But I knew the Judge so well, I had learned to esteem him so much the more the more I knew him, that I never doubted his honesty for a moment. Is an accomplished gentleman, of large, elegant learning, a sincere Christian, a devoted friend of science and art and the public good—is such a man to be deprived of the Christian charity which 'hopeth all things,' for one mistake, *if it were a mistake?*"

Now, Mr. Chairman, it seems proper, after such high-wrought eulogy, that some of the prominent acts in the life of Judge Kane, the acts which distinguished his judicial career above that of other magistrates, should be here stated, not as "a jaunty antithesis," but as a truthful bill of exceptions.

Judge Kane's place was the bench of the United States District Court of Eastern Pennsylvania. It was an office of his own seeking, and he performed its duties voluntarily. When the Fugitive Slave law was passed, it devolved upon him to adjudicate many of the cases which transpired under it. This task he performed in a manner which, in the end, gave the fullest satisfaction to the slaveholders and slave-hunters, and elicited from them the strongest expressions of approval. It was Judge Kane who tried the case of Hannah Dellam, the unhappy woman who, it will be remembered, with her little boy and babe unborn, was put upon the stand to answer the charge of having been born a certain man's slave. It was proved that she had lived at least two years in Pennsylvania, and testimony was offered raising the presumption that she had lived in the State previously to the time at which it was alleged she had escaped. It was hoped that the Judge, leaning to the side of mercy, would accept this as sufficient proof. The interesting situation of the woman, and the appeals of the little boy at her side, it was hoped by the large audience of humane people of both sexes, drawn thither by the interest of the occasion, would give force to "the doubt" and insure a decision in her favor. But no; Hannah Dellam and her little boy, charged and chargeable with no crime, were ordered to be handed over to the custody of her claimant, and by him carried into slavery. It was said the law and evidence required it; be it so. But when an appeal was made to the Judge, asking that the woman might be permitted to remain in prison, in the custody of her master, in order that her babe, about to be born, and on which, at least, her master had no recognizable claim, should be permitted to see the light and enjoy the inheritance of freedom—and when precedent as well as humanity was pleaded, and pleaded in vain, as a reason for complying with the request, can it be alleged that stern judicial duty required her instant extradition?

It was Judge Kane who delivered the charge to the Grand Jury under which and in consequence of which Hanway, Lewis, Scarlet and others were put on trial for their lives for high treason, imprisoned, torn suddenly from their wives and families, and subjected to other great hardships; their offence having been that they were suspected of having aided in the escape of certain slaves and the defeat of certain slave-catchers. It was Judge Kane who imprisoned and otherwise occasioned injury to Passmore Williamson, keeping him in the cells of Moyamensing a hundred days; his offence having been, in effect, that of giving liberty to a woman and her two children, who were, in the judgment of the best jurists in the land, legally entitled to their freedom. It was Judge Kane who, shortly before his death, tried a slave case in private court and decided it against the victim, on the testimony of the slaveholder and his friends, before the lawyer who had been sent for on behalf of the prisoner could arrive, and before any of the people who are known to be friends of the fugitive could have any notice of what was going on.

Mr. Chairman, these are facts, plain and unvarnished—stated without color or exaggeration. All I have to say, in view of them, is, that if such acts as I have here described be consistent with the eminent Christian character ascribed to their author, then Christianity is not the thing I have taken it to be, and the charge of promoting infidelity lies at other doors than those of this Society.

Mr. Chairman, these acts, and others like them by other persons, are sought to be justified, on the ground of the obedience we owe to law. I deny that there is any virtue abstractly in obedience to law. If a law be a good one, let it be obeyed; if wicked, let it be trampled under foot. Is it said that this will introduce anarchy and confusion? Let the responsibility of the confusion be upon those who occasion its introduction. "I came not," said Christ, "to send peace, but a sword." Let our law-makers learn to give us good laws, if they want good men to obey them. Is iniquity any less iniquitous for being framed into a law? or cruelty less inhuman because perpetrated under the sanction of a human statute? I trow not.

Mr. Chairman, I will detain you no further; I have already spoken longer than I intended; but allow me to say, in conclusion, that the true Church, in all ages, has found its chief mission in tearing the mask off a false religion and exposing to contempt inhuman enactments. Its duty is the same now as ever; and I rejoice that, at this time and during these anniversaries, there is at least one body of believers who have the independence, at whatever cost, to put their foot upon a spurious religion, calling itself Christianity, and spit upon pro-slavery statutes, falsely assuming to be republican. This generation may cast out their names as evil, but the next will award them the tribute of their approval.

MRS. CAROLINE H. D

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

New-England Anti-Slavery Convention.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston, in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 26th and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., on each day.

With the tide of Anti-Slavery sentiment swelling higher and stronger in all directions, this anniversary ought to secure a larger and more enthusiastic gathering than has yet been witnessed on a similar occasion. Let all necessary home and business arrangements be seasonably made, so as to insure this most desirable attendance. A determined and united effort must be made, the coming year, to consecrate the soil of New England to freedom in all cases, by making it unlawful to hunt, arrest or try any person on the charge of being the slave or property of another, before any commissioner, jury, or other tribunal whatsoever. This must be the rallying-point until the work be consummated.

There will be no lack of able and eloquent champions of the cause at this anniversary. [Particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

Robert F. Wallcut, *Secretary.*

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society occurred on Tuesday of last week, and was attended with the most gratifying success. The Mozart Hall, where it was held, was entirely filled in all practicable parts, with an audience whose silence and whose applause equally testified to the intelligence and zeal of their Anti-Slavery hearts. The services were, from first to last, impressive and instructive, and such as they should have been in view of the great occasion of the gathering. The great mass of the audience was undoubtedly made up of Abolitionists, or of those looking Abolition-ward; but in the crowd there must have been great numbers who were drawn to the place by curiosity or a vague feeling of undeveloped responsibilities. The services were of a nature to minister to the aspirations and the needs of all such, and we believe that none departed without comfort, edification or awakening. Among the miscellaneous portion of the outer crowd were many who had come up to the city for the purpose of attending other Anniversaries, and who stole a little time to see what these fanatics had to say for themselves. And we have no doubt that there was a good sprinkling of slaveholders and of those who are such in spirit, if not in fact. So that the audience was fit and *not* few, as became one assembled on such a behalf.

The plan, adopted for the first time last year, of having all the sessions of the Society open ones for the treatment of the topics most immediately incumbent upon its consideration, was continued this year, and with a similar success. The meetings were well attended throughout and generally full in the evenings, and this notwithstanding the manifold and multiform attractions of the other Anniversaries. The discussions—with one marked exception on the afternoon of Tuesday—were marked by kindness and courtesy on the part of those who felt called on to differ with the philosophy or the policy of the Society, or the method of any of its agents. There was no outside disturbance whatever, and scarcely a wholesome hiss could be extorted by the strongest statements of duty or denunciations of political or ecclesiastical short-comings. The most thorough Anti-Slavery Gospel was preached in all its keenness, and its consequences argued out to their extreme results with the severity of logic which has always characterized the Movement and which has enabled it to make the mark it has on the general mind. This preaching of the truth in the midst of the Commercial Metropolis of the nation, and to a mixed multitude made up of all manner of men and women, from every part of the country and of every variety of political and religious opinion, could not but be of a beneficial influence, and tend to produce that modification of the ideas of the people which the American Society was gathered to promote and to compel.

The City Anti-Slavery Society held its Anniversary on the evening of Wednesday, and it was a complete success. As it was, in spirit and doctrine, identical with the American Society, of which it is an affiliation, it is unnecessary to say that it made a worthy ending of the meetings which it rounded. We refer our readers to the Report of the Proceedings and of the speeches which are contained in this number, and may overflow into others yet to come. We were disappointed in the absence of the Rev. Theodore Parker, on whose presence and voice we had confidently reckoned. But as it was unavoidable, through indisposition, we did the best we could without him. All the other speakers, we believe, whose names had been announced as likely to assist at the meetings were present, and others not less welcome were ready to help on the good work. We apprehend that the success of this second attempt at maintaining the interest in the meetings throughout the two days, and making the Anniversary endure for that time, will establish the custom as one of the permanent institutions of the Cause. It commends itself to the reason as one eminently fit to be adopted, and it has now the seal of practical success. It makes the occasion more full of interest to those who come to the meeting for the single purpose of taking part in it, while it enlarges the field of missionary operation on the world outside. We think that the adoption of this plan will tend to encourage the attendance of Abolitionists from remote parts of the country, which it would be greatly for the advantage of the Cause to have much increased.

There was a very large number of such present this year, though it might and should be greatly multiplied. It is one of the legitimate purposes of the stated meetings of any organization for the accomplishment of specific ends to strengthen and encourage one another's minds and hearts. And what is true of all others is, in an especial manner, true of ours. Counsel and comfort we all need, and there is nothing that contributes more to the imparting of both than the light of friendly countenances and the music of sympathizing words. And it is a just reward which those who have been labouring in distant fields are enabled to enjoy—that of meeting together and enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse and of Anti-Slavery sympathy. Such assemblings of themselves together should not be neglected, for they are, above all things, perhaps, what keep the fire burning on the altar of true Anti-Slavery hearts. We rejoice that this experiment may now be regarded as having established its fact, and we trust that the fact will be accepted by all Abolitionists as one of the landmarks of their course onwards. We are sure, at least, that none who took part in the services and pleasures of this year's communion will regret any sacrifices of time and trouble they may have made to secure it. All will go home strengthened for the struggle of daily warfare, to which every one assuming the cross of the Anti-Slavery Movement has devoted himself. And we believe that the issues of this meeting will extend far beyond the hours that limited it, or the multitudes that assisted at it, and that they will be seen in the nearer and more remote history of the country and of the race. It is another monument of progress on the road that leads the champions of liberty on the way to the final overthrow of slavery.

The National Woman's Rights Convention, held in this city on Thursday and Friday, the 13th and 14th inst., was largely attended and every way successful. Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, discharged the duties of President with dignity and efficiency. The Secretary was Mrs. Martha Wright, of Auburn. The cause was eloquently advocated by various speakers, among whom we may name the following: Mrs. Gage of St. Louis, Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Rose, Rev. Antoinette L. Blackwell, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Mary F. Davis, Rev. Lydia Ann Jenkins, Parker Pillsbury, Charles L. Remond, and last, but far from least, George W. Curtis, Esq., whose eloquent address, as forcible in point of style as it was thorough in principle, was listened to with great pleasure by a large audience.

"THE MORAL VICTORY ACHIEVED."

It really seemed as if the height of recklessness and hardihood of assertion had been reached by the officers and "next friends" of the American Tract Society in New York. It did really seem as if, after the statement (to which every officer, from Thomas S. Williams, President, downwards, put his name, in the 31st Annual Report), that the Constitutional duty of the Publishing Committee was to publish not what evangelical Christians *ought* to agree in, "but what they *are* agreed in," what they "*do in fact* unite in approving"; and after the statement of Rev. William A. Hallock, Secretary, that the Society has *not* published, on intemperance and other evils, what many evangelical Christians do not approve; and after the statements of Rev. Seth Bliss, Secretary of the Boston Society, that up to May 12th 1857, *no tract* specifically on slavery had been offered to the Committee, and *no complaint* made that it had not published on that subject—as if impudence and mendacity could go no further. But *The Independent* has fairly rivalled both, by putting

"THE MORAL VICTORY ACHIEVED"

over the head of its leading article on the annual meeting of the Tract Society, immediately after *its* party in that Society had been thoroughly and ignominiously routed.

The details of this article are worthy of its title. It calls the Tract meeting which assembled in the Reformed Dutch church in Lafayette place "a disgrace not only to Christianity [!!], but to the good breeding of New York citizens"; calls their proceedings "excesses," "rudeness and turbulence," and "noisy zeal"; calls the great body of the meeting, who transacted the business, "a tumultuous and unreasoning majority"; and adds the following spicy piece of description:

"A large majority of persons in the house—at least three-fifths—were merchants of this city, who had come to the place for the sole purpose of putting through a vote to sustain the action of the Publishing Committee. The vote was demanded before any discussion, upon the plea of these gentlemen, that they must go down town to attend to their private business. By loud calls for the previous question, and such uproar as is more appropriate to Tammany Hall than to a house of worship, this compacted party attempted to forestall discussion, and to silence the voice of a great Christian institution upon questions of common morality."

Now, the amazing (and amusing) part of this is, that the very persons upon whom *The Independent* bestows these unsavory epithets, and whom it accuses of trying "to silence the voice of a great Christian institution," were themselves the very thing which they are charged with trying to silence; the very thing which *The Independent* absurdly calls a great *Christian* (!) institution. They were the Tract Society. Nobody but those who had the Constitutional right to vote in the Tract Society could gain admittance to that floor. *The Independent* itself had made public advertisement of the place and time where members might obtain their tickets of admission, the public being excluded from the floor for the very purpose of insuring the integrity of the vote. No doubt as large a proportion of the friends of *The Independent* were present as of "the management." They were either there or they cared too little of the matter to go. At any rate, those who were there were the Society, as nearly as any meeting *can* be the Society it assumes to be. When the time came, the Society voted. Three-quarters at least, more probably nine-tenths, went for "the management," and against the opposition party. And then *The Independent* falls into a passion, calls the large majority which passed the vote rude, turbulent, tumultuous and unreasonable, and assumes for itself and that eighth, or ninth, or tenth part of the Society which is in sympathy with it, the comfortable title of "a great Christian institution," despotically "silenced" by a mere majority of eight-ninths, more or less!

How long has *The Independent* favoured oligarchy as the proper mode of government for the Tract Society? Upon what principle should the majority, tumultuous or not, have yielded to the vote of what *The Independent* admits to have been a minority? Surely, the chief editor of that paper must have originated the famous definition—"Orthodoxy is *my* doxy; Heterodoxy is *another man's* doxy."

But the majority were "rude and turbulent." "'Tis true, 'tis pity! and pity 'tis 'tis true"! But this is only a fault of manner; perhaps excessive "zeal," like the profaneness of the naval lieutenant in "Peter Simple." But they were none the less *pious* for that. *The Independent* should remember that this "business meeting" was also a "prayer-meeting." The programme announced that it was to be opened with prayer; and the circular which called the meeting specified the following as one of its purposes:

"You are affectionately requested to join your prayers with many which are ascending to God, in this day when his ear is open to the cry of His people, that the Christian confidence, harmony and love that have so long prevailed in this good work may be perpetuated in the Society's highest and widest usefulness."

Moreover, the "public religious exercises" (which were immediately to succeed the election of officers, and for which, no doubt, the worthy men whom *The Independent* calls "tumultuous" were impatiently waiting) were to give them the opportunity of expressing their gratitude, in the following affecting manner:

"Resolved, That the Society express their grateful acknowledgments to God for the blessing of the Holy Spirit which has descended so richly on its labors, in all parts of our country, the past year, in the conversion of souls.

"Resolved, That thanks be rendered to God for the union of Christian hearts in this Society in the great essential doctrines of Christ and him crucified."

How natural that men who had been called together for such purposes as these—men, too, some of whom were church-members of long standing, and others new converts in the "revival"—should be impatient at seeing "controverted points" brought into their prayer-meeting by a factious minority. They had come together for two purposes—to vote and to pray; they had turned aside from their daily business (the fulfilment of the fourth of their ten commandments—they do not believe in any eleventh or "new commandment"), expected to return to it at a definite hour, and they voted down the factious minority "by acclamation." *The Independent* must not expect every pro-slavery assembly to be as decorous as the one a year ago, at which Dr. Joseph P. Thompson moved the acceptance of that series of resolutions which gave to the "tract management" the power which it has ever since exercised. Indeed, that worthy gentleman and his friends might have secured the same unanimity in this meeting as in that, by showing the same willing conformity now as then. If they had only agreed to the resolutions prepared by the Executive Committee, and been "satisfied with them, both on their positive and their negative side," all would have gone smoothly. And as to the "merchants," being mere *laity*, they should be pardoned, under the circumstances, for using a little mercantile directness of expression. They had strong provocation; and it is not every one who can serve the devil, alike in storm or calm, with the unvarying serenity of South-side Adams.

But this rough and self-willed majority "attempted to forestall discussion."

Really, this charge is too unreasonable! As if the forestalling of discussion were not an invariable rule among such persons, and on such occasions! When the majority *in that sort of meeting* have made up their minds, why should they delay to hear the minority prate? The pious mercantile life-members came to vote and to pray, and then wished to "go down town to attend to their private business," as *The Independent* says, and why should they not? What is the time-honored custom in all *such* meetings? Suppose you were to go to the Bible Society meeting, and ask the Senior Secretary to explain why he used the official publication of that Society to circulate a pro-slavery document, calling it an "Important Document" and an "Excellent Address"! Or suppose you ask him how he proves the Bible which he circulates to be an infallibly inspired production, or to be the Word of God at all, in any specific or peculiar sense! Would not the whole meeting, with the speed of lightning, and with the intensest unanimity, "forestall discussion"? Or, to come a little nearer home, suppose that, in any day of any week, a friend of William Lloyd Garrison should inquire the reason why *The Independent* called that gentleman "an infidel of the most degraded sort"! Would not that paper immediately "forestall discussion"? Would not its chief editor be suddenly called down town to attend to *his* private business? And would not one of its "Special Contributors" turn the nearest "short corner" to avoid hearing the inquiry and answering it?

Our space this week is limited, and we must postpone to another occasion much that is to be said respecting the position of *The Independent*, and the great Tract Society meeting, and the little preliminary meeting of the minority, which is not the least interesting and instructive of the Tractarian doings.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held in the Reformed Dutch church in Lafayette place, on Wednesday, the 12th inst. The church was crowded, although no persons but members of the Society and reporters were admitted, and these by tickets issued from the Tract House. We need not say that this numerous assembly—two thousand, probably, in number—was drawn together in consequence of the excitement in the Society in relation to its past action and inaction upon the subject of slavery. The facts of the case are too familiar to our readers to need repetition here. The equivocal, milk-and-water resolutions reported last year by the Committee of Investigation, and trumpeted to the world as a final and harmonious settlement of the question at issue between the pro-slavery and the quasi anti-slavery parties in the Society, had only served, as such "daubing with untempered mortar" usually does, to complicate the original difficulty and to increase instead of allaying excitement. The salve of compromise, so tenderly applied to the "putrefying sore" by one of the Doctors of *The Independent* and blessed by Hunker lips in exultant prayer, had proved not an emollient, but an exasperating irritant; and the Society was now to determine by a direct vote whether it would or would not publish tracts, not against slavery itself, but against "those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote," and enforcing "the moral duties which grow out of its existence." The Executive Committee had been busily engaged during the past year in preparation to meet and vanquish the party that had raised this feeble issue, and the result was precisely what we expected, viz., a complete triumph of the policy of Inaction and Silence.

Our space is not adequate to a full report of the meeting. We can only present some of its most salient features.

The Society met at 10 o'clock, and was appropriately opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Plummer, formerly of Richmond, Va., who made himself famous more than twenty years ago by a proposition to apply lynch law to the Abolitionists. Five hours were then spent in the discussion for which *one* hour had been assigned in the programme; the anniversary exercises being entirely omitted. The meeting was so tumultuous that Dr. Cheever said, the next day, it might almost be called a "Christian mob!"

The quasi anti-slavery party had determined its policy in a caucus held on Monday evening. A few were in favor of making a vital issue with the Society by demanding the publication of tracts denouncing slavery itself as a sin, but the majority determined to ask only that the action contemplated in the wishy-washy resolutions adopted last year should be carried out in the publication of tracts condemning the evils and enforcing the "moral duties" *growing out of slavery*, leaving the system itself without censure or rebuke. The leading champion of this party was the Rev. Dr. Tyng; that of the other party being Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio.

The Executive Committee defended their policy in the Annual Report, the acceptance of which was moved by Bishop McIlvaine, who suppported his motion in a speech instinct with the spirit of compromise.

Dr. Tyng then took the floor to present and advocate the following preamble and resolution, framed in accordance with the policy agreed upon at the caucus above alluded to, viz.:

Whereas, at the annual meeting of this Society, in 1857, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz., "That the political aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and cannot be discussed in its publications; but that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote, and which are commanded in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, undoubtedly do fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit"; therefore,

Resolved, That the said resolution be and is hereby reaffirmed; and that the Executive Committee, now to be elected, be instructed to carry the same into full effect.

Dr. Tyng's speech was a fit accompaniment of this "most lame and impotent" resolution. The chosen champion of the party calling itself anti-slavery, he yet vindicated the piety and sincerity of the Executive Committee, after all their trickery and duplicity, in such words as these:

"He said that he had confidence in the sincerity and fidelity of the Committee, and hoped that the Society would give expression to a similar feeling, by reelecting them to their posts. *He thought that a more competent or faithful Committee could not be selected.* He believed that they had acted conscientiously, according to their own convictions of duty, and that, however they might come short in a course of action which many of the best friends of the Society desired to see reversed, he hoped that no manifestation of a withdrawal of their confidence would be made."

"He was opposed to the original introduction of the subject of slavery into the Society's discussions and publications, when, from outside influence, it was pressed upon it in 1856. He had not since then seen occasion to change his views. It was not his good fortune to be present at the anniversary of 1857, when the Report of the Investigating Committee was presented. He was then abroad, and the first intelligence of the action at that meeting reached him at Geneva. It was a *unanimous* action—a result very different from what he expected. The Society, at that meeting, laid a foundation broad and deep, and agreed to stand upon it; and they stood upon it without dissent, with a remarkable and surprising unanimity. The resolutions then passed he had read over and over again—sometimes as often as thrice in a single day; and he pronounced them to be, to the best of his judgment, *a perfectly unexampled instance of calm, moderate, conservative and righteous jurisdiction in the premises involved.* Adopted by the unanimous consent of the Society, they remained the unanimous *action* of the Society. No action of a subordinate agency could in any degree invalidate the force of these resolutions thus passed. The Committee, having, during the year, attempted to carry out the principles contained therein, *had failed in their ability. They had not had time enough.* They had delayed, for awhile, to take action; they could not see their way clear to go ahead, so they stopped. *He believed that the course which they adopted, as a subordinate agency waiting for further instructions from the higher body, would not, in such a view of their action, be very generally unacceptable to the Society.* The Society would not unreasonably demand hasty action. There was time enough. It could not be properly done in a week; it might, perhaps, not be done in a year; but it should be *done*"

With the single exception of Dr. Cheever, not one of the so-called anti-slavery party proposed anything higher or better than this. Doctors Bacon and Thompson, editors of *The Independent*, both spoke, but neither of them asked anything more than the adoption of Dr. Tyng's resolution. That resolution having been defeated, Judge Jessup introduced another, somewhat differently worded, but meaning the same thing. This, too, was voted down. Subsequently, Dr. Thompson introduced the following:

Resolved, That while the Society accept without question the statements of the Publishing Committee of their reasons for delaying to publish any new tract, in accordance with the fourth resolution adopted last year, yet, inasmuch as there is now issued by the Society a tract instructing servants in their duties, the Committee be instructed to publish a tract on the duties of masters, according to the New Testament.

This was laid on the table, and Dr. McIlvaine's original motion approving and endorsing the Committee's Report adopted by an immense majority.

John Jay, Esq., offered the following resolution, which, on motion, was laid on the table:

Resolved, That nothing issued by the Publishing Committee should express or imply the Christian lawfulness of the system of American slavery.

Thus it will be seen that while the Society is virtually pledged not to oppose slavery, it refused to pledge itself not to defend it

Among those who took part in the debate was the Rev. Mr. Dennison, of South Carolina, who said:

"He thought that the adoption of Bishop McIlvaine's resolution would be a means of restoring the confidence of the South. The South regarded this vexed question as a matter entirely their own. The clergy of the Southern States felt that they could act in the matter of inculcating the moral duties of masters and servants. They were trying to do this, and the last sermon he had preached before leaving home had been upon this very theme. They wanted no interference from abroad in this work (applause). *The South did not object to the matter contained in the proposed tract.* The objection to it was that if it was adopted by the Society, which could not sympathize with them in their circumstances, the uniform opinion was that *there was danger to be apprehended lest other tracts be issued to which they could not give their assent*, and that thus this great Society, which they loved and cherished, would become the mere organ of the anti-slavery party of this country. Gentlemen spoke as if there was danger of doing harm by prosecuting the course that was commenced by the Committee of Fifteen last year. He told them that there was no danger. The work was done. Confidence in the American Tract Society was destroyed now. If any evidence were wanted of this, a reference to the statistics would exhibit the fact. South Carolina had for many years contributed from $5,000 to $6,000 to the Tract Society; the sum last year had fallen to $250, $50 of which had been given by his congregation, where before the amount given had ranged from $500 to $900 a year. In alluding to the rejected tract [by Charles K. Whipple, on "The Family Relation as affected by Slavery"], the speaker asked if it were possible that any member of the Committee could have thought of publishing such a tract and sending it to the South?

"*He would say that the emissaries who brought it would have done so at the risk of their necks. Self-preservation demanded of them, whether Christians or not, when a man presented himself at their doors with such a missile as that, to send him away; and if he would not go by request, he should go by violence.*

"A Voice—It is a free country, is it not, Mr. Dennison?

"Mr. D.—*We would show him very soon whether it is free down there!* (The Rev. Dr. Murray was observed to make a side remark to the speaker.)

"The speaker said if he had used an expression too strong, he would withdraw it."

Imagine what must be the state of society in South Carolina, when Mr. Whipple's tract, which is little else than a calm and unimpassioned exposition of the slave laws, cannot be circulated there except at the peril of instant death at the hands of men calling themselves Christians!

Dr. Cheever was one of the last of those who spoke. His remarks are in striking contrast with those of Drs. Tyng, Thompson and Bacon. He is thus reported in *The Independent*.

"Mr. President, the Lord our God hath told us, Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy brother, thy neighbor, thou shalt not suffer sin upon him. This is true love, the faithfulness of Christian love. You are to proclaim Christ and him crucified, but his salvation is *from* sin, not *in* sin. You are not only to preach Christ crucified for sinners, but sin crucified for Christ's sake. The Word of God is not bound. If you attempt to put fetters upon it, you only prepare the iron to enter into your own soul. And again, the Word of God does not go a-begging. It does not come to the sinner to ask him first, aside, 'Pray, sir, what sins are you willing to have rebuked by this light, and what sins do you prefer to keep concealed from it? Tell us what forms of iniquity you choose to have reserved, and and we will manage according.' The Word of God makes no such bargains, and God has never taught the preachers of the Gospel to apply it with any such partiality. Now the Word of God is the great trust committed of God to the Tract Society. It is not wealth, nor houses, nor legacies, nor even the prayers of our fathers, but it is the Word of God, for which we are responsible to God as to our faithful application of it. The Society are bound to proclaim it faithfully, without respect to persons, or favor to sins, diminishing not a word. Now an eloquent speaker has admitted that he would have a tract prepared upon the sinfulness of adultery, and circulated North and South, but no sin must be rebuked in its peculiar connection with slavery. Let me then read the conditions which God himself has annexed to the preaching of the Gospel, the declaration from the Bible of the manner in which he requires us to apply both law and Gospel to the sins of men. 'Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane, for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, for manslayers, for whoremongers, for them that defile themselves with mankind, for MEN-STEALERS, for liars, for perjured persons, and if there be any other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine, according to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust.'

"And such is the nature of both the law and the Gospel, and these are the conditions of the Gospel in trust. Now, then, if my eloquent friend would have the Society prepare and issue a tract against adultery and whoremongers, and insists that that comes perfectly within the province of our duty, how can he deny that it is equally binding upon the Society to issue tracts against men-stealing and men-stealers? But we defy him to issue such a tract without defining what men-stealing is; and when he does that, he will have to publish God's words, He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death; and he will find that to sell a man stolen is as sinful in God's sight as the stealing of him, and that slavery is the guilt both of stealing and selling."

If issue had been taken, uncompromisingly, from the first, upon the principles so clearly set forth by Dr. Cheever, the temporary triumph of the pro-slavery party would have been the herald and pledge of its speedy overthrow; for its opponents, in that case, instead of being entangled and prostrated in a net of expediency woven by their own hands, would have stood upright, clothed in the panoply of God's truth, and ready for another battle. The disgraceful attempts of clerical politicians like Drs. Bacon and Thompson to "split the difference" between Right and Wrong, Christ and Belial, and drive a sharp bargain with the Devil, have ended, as we predicted they would, in utter defeat.

After the main question was settled, the Society proceeded to the election of officers. Dr. De Witt offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the officers of the Society for the ensuing year be the same as the last year, except that in place of the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, and the Rev. Dr. Young, deceased, the Rev. George W. Bethune, and Peletiah Perit, Esq., be elected Vice-Presidents, and the Rev. Edward P. Humphrey, of Danville, Ky., Director.

The President announced that the Life-Directors would now go into an election of an Executive Committee. Dr. Bacon nominated the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College, to take the place heretofore occupied on the Publishing Committee by the Rev. Dr. "South-side" Adams of Boston; but the balloting resulted in the choice of the latter, together with all the rest of the old officers.

The Independent closes its commentary upon the proceeding in these words: "Let the true friends of the Society remain faithful to their great trust; *giving no money while this action stands*, but discharging their duty of protest and discussion, at every opportunity." We are glad that, at last, *The Independent* is convinced of the folly, on the part of anti-slavery men, of putting money into the treasury of a Society whose managers use it to sustain themselves in a pro-slavery policy. If, now, it will cease to stultify itself by commending the "evangelical piety" of the tricksters of the Tract House in the same breath in which it proves them to have acted the part of unscrupulous knaves, and fight the battle henceforth on principle, and in an uncompromising spirit, it may hope to win a speedy and an honorable victory.

A WORD FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: Noticing, in a recent number of your valuable paper, the expression of a wish to hear from some of us who live on the outskirts of anti-slavery life, away from the busy world of trade, manufactures and politics, where slavery yet reigns, I take my pen to let you know how things look to us in the distant country towns.

I do not expect to be able to tell you anything new, but what I say may be of advantage to the editors of your exchanges, who make up their journals to suit the public mind of the day, as nearly as they can guess at it.

Well, then, the public mind in some parts of the country is further advanced than they think it is. I have heard these journals well taken over the coals for wilful perversion or digraceful ignorance. I tried to defend them to all our neighbors as well as I could. "Don't you see," says I, "that they probably know better and feel better than they dare to show? But they are not their own men, as the editors of *The Liberator* and The Standard are." But my neighbors can't see how it is that the editors of the *Evening Post*, for example, in New York, and the *Daily Advertiser* in Boston, should really feel obliged to seem so ignorant that Edward Greeley Loring was pitched out of his office, by the Massachusetts folks, for sending back a runaway slave. "Don't you see," says I, again, "that their parties, made out of pieces in the first place, are all crumbling into smaller pieces, because they are not screwed to the sticking-place, and have nothing in them strong enough to stick them together? And that's what makes them talk so much about union. Folks always want what they have n't got. So all they think of now is to get along from hand to mouth with what they deal out daily, putting just as little taste into it in the mixing as they can possibly manage to. They can't afford to let their old Hunkers think they know much, *and may be they don't.* You've heard," says I, "of giants with two heads? Well, they've got just such a double-headed public to manage, and not much brains in e'er a one of the heads. They are obliged to say they are pained and pleased at the same things in the same breath, on purpose to produce no impression on anybody's mind till that crisis is over with, and so keep the subscribers along, without giving offence to the owners."

"*Owners!*" says Tom, Dick and Harry, all round the reading-room table (*for I assure you there is quite as much talking done as reading at our room, and I sometimes think the talking does us the most good of the two*). "Owners! why, anybody would think you were talking about slaves." "No—no—no!" says I, "you must n't talk *so*. I only meant to say they were a diplomatic set of folks, that knew when to stir and when to keep still; when to blow hot and when to blow cold or lukewarm; with a pretty notion of sitting upon two stools and a pretty considerable hankering after riding two horses and wearing two faces, and so on."

"Well!" says Nehemiah, and Ezekiel and Zichri, all round the table again; "you don't say so! Diplomacy, indeed! Why, it's what *we* call duplicity." "So does everybody," says I, "who can afford to keep a conscience." And then we all read over and studied out what your *N. Y. Evening Post* says about Loring, who, it seems, thanks to Southern solicitations and a Northern President, is now a Judge again, with $4,000 instead of $900.

Now, what to say and do the *Evening Post* did not know. There was a fling at old Whiggery through means of a fling at the Judge, as a dolt; that was a sop for hunkerish Democrats. There was a fling at Southern politicians for begging a fat salary for him; that was a sop for Republican politicians. There was a fling at Buchanan for giving him the fat salary; that was a sop for the next President, served out at a venture; there was an innocent, unconsciously insolent fling at the people of Massachusetts and the North, implying that they did not care for human rights, but only for the laws—the mere forms of their own making to protect human rights; this was a sop to pro-slavery generally. Then, there was a declaration that Loring was turned out "solely for holding an office which had been declared by law incompatible with a another office which he held." This was a sop for slavery.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, we searched this mean little article, as one searching Jerusalem with candles, for a sop for anti-slavery, and could not find a sign of one. We had dropped the *Boston Post* for the *New York Post*, because we heard a good anti-slavery character of the latter; but we took this for a sign that the chief difference between the two was that the first was firmly driven down for a little while longer, while the latter was loose, that we might have the expense of shouldering it along, exactly as fast as party interests required, and no faster. We took all this for a sign that the *N. Y. Evening Post* was not the paper for our money. They are trying to please everybody; they will, in all likelihood, take this for a sign that they may as well take a little more pains to please us, anti-slavery being the fashion up our way. We don't doubt they would rather do it than not, if they could without losing by it.

Then, there is the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. *He* seems pleased, if he durst say so, that Judge Loring has got such a substantial compliment from Buchanan; thinks the Judge need n't be ashamed to take it; thinks his friends were injudicious in trying to make him out a *martyr* (it is not said to *what*); thinks it "worthy of remark that *so far as* people and Legislature *may* have been stimulated by vindictiveness against Judge Loring, they have but made him of material consequence (so is the malefactor hung up high in chains); thinks it is not possible anybody could have solicited the office for the Judge, because there has n't been time!

But our reading-room could not keep pace with the rapid changes of feeling that thrilled through the *Daily Advertiser* that day. He seemed *glad* that Loring's friends were pleased with the money he had got, and *sorry* that they were pained with the loss of place he had sustained; could not refrain from openly expressing *gratification* that the poor Judge does not suffer in his purse; *glad* that his enemies could not complain of this; *seemed* sorry, but did not say so, for the bad feeling it would unfortunately tend to aggravate between the State and Federal Governments. Gov. Banks took care to step carefully, President Buchanan did not seem half careful enough; *regretted* the *action* which *urged* his removal (nice distinction! but, we supposed he was a Unitarian; they discriminate in this way between the act and the man that did it); regrets the action of the President in making an issue and cherishing it between the State and the nation; fears the inconvenience which will infallibly result, if this principle of *reciprocating misunderstandings* [you have your money's worth of long words, my brethren!—*tit for tat* is what we call it] shall be extensively adopted, but hopes the history of it will do both parties good.

Then, in a sudden access of courage, the *Advertiser* is "*very* glad, and *repeats* it," that the Presidential ægis is thrown over Loring, to protect him against what it *conceives* to have been the mistaken action of the State, and is surprised (not daring to say whether pleased or otherwise) at so much generosity in the official conduct of Buchanan.

By this time we all called out at once, "Which is it? Good Lord, or Good Devil," for the *Advertiser* seemed in a far worse fix than the *Post*, which, for some reason or other, *had* freedom to consider the Judge a disobedient dolt. My cousin, Elbridge G. Plummer, laughed till he cried, and said he had not been so tickled since he read, in the Rev. Mr. Primrose's Autobiography, by Oliver Goldsmith, how the two town ladies were uneasy about Mr. Primrose's family, because they did not see them at church, after the fall they got, and called to say how greatly concerned they were; and being told the family were none the worse for it, they were extremely glad; but being informed they were almost killed with fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing the family had a good night, they were extremely *glad* again. "That's always the way," says Elbridge, "with them that have their own interests to carry by talking about other folks's."

I recommend to all such the good example of Mr. Primrose's daughter, Miss Olivia, who "delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, 'we were thrown from our horses.'"

But I guess this is the very disaster these editors are trying to hush up. Pity they could n't learn at first what they'll have to know at last, that no man can ride two horses at the same time, any more than he can serve two masters. He can *try*; and *how does he look trying such a trick?*

I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours, and every honest man's, who never attempts it,

Jonathan Straightahead.

DR. CHEEVER'S ADDRESS.

The first and second pages of our present issue being filled with the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, we devote the principal portion of the page usually appropriated to literary matter to the masterly Address of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, delivered before the *Abolition* Society, in the Church of the Puritans, on Thurs day, the 13th inst., commending it at the same time to the careful perusal of all our readers. It is a moral thunderbolt, exploding with the mighty power of truth in the slaveholding camp, demolishing "the refuge of lies" to which the American Nation and the American Church have fled for safety from the righteous retribution that awaits them at the hands of the God of Justice, and which must surely come upon them unless averted by timely repentance and reformation. We wish it were possible to convey to those who did not listen to this Address an adequate impression of the power—amounting almost to inspiration—with which it was delivered. Dr. Cheever's own soul was deeply moved by the truth he was called to utter, and he stirred the hearts of his auditors in a most remarkable manner. If the Bible, instead of being prostituted to the service of slavery by a corrupt and time-serving ministry, had been employed by the American Pulpit as Dr. Cheever employs it, and as its own teachings require it to be employed, in the service of freedom, its Divine authority would never have been questioned by any portion of the Abolitionists. Whatever of scepticism on this point has been exhibited among them is due to the teachings of those who torture the Holy Book

"To sanction robbery and crime and blood,
And in oppression's hateful service
Libel both man and God."

In one particular only do we feel called upon to criticize Dr. Cheever's discourse. A sense of duty to the slave and to Christianity itself impels us to protest against the phraseology which implies that the men whose iniquitous alliance with slavery he so fearlessly exposes are "men of piety," "Christian men," "servants of Christ," &c. Let the truth be spoken, though every Doctor of Divinity in the land be shown thereby to be a servant of Belial!

The New York Anti-Slavery Society held its Fifth Anniversary at Mozart Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 12th, the American Society having closed its proceedings in the afternoon of that day. The hall was well filled, and the addresses delivered on the occasion by Rev. Thomas W. Higginson and Wendell Phillips were listened to with marked attention and interest. We have a full report from Mr. Yerrinton, which we are reluctantly compelled to postpone till next week.

At the close of the public exercises the Society elected officers for the ensuing year as follows:

President.—SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Vice-Presidents.—Erasmus D. Hudson, Lauren Wetmore, Joseph Carpenter.

Corresponding Secretary.—Oliver Johnson.

Recording Secretary.—Henrietta Wolcott Johnson.

Treasurer.—Rowland Johnson.

Additional Members of the Executive Committee.—William A. Hall, John F. Cleveland, Abby H. Gibbons, J. Mortimer Hall, Cornelius Brahm.

The Christian Examiner *for May* contains the following papers: I. Hortensius the Orator. II. Jewish Literature. III. Ideal Girlhood in Modern Romance. IV. The Oriental Question. V. The Mormons. VI. Review of Current Literature. Literary Intelligence. New Publications Received. The number is less theological than usual, and some of the articles deserve more attention than our present scanty space will permit us to pay to them. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. Editors, F. H. Hedge, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale.

The Atlantic Monthly *for June*—the first of the second volume—is on our table. Its contents are as follows: Chesuncook; La Cantatrice; Gottfried Wilhelm von Liebritz; Loo Loo; Letter-Writing; The Catacombs of Rome; Beatrice; Metempsychosis; Crawford and Sculpture; Asirvadam the Brahmin; What are we going to make? Shipwreck; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; The President's Phrophecy of Peace; Literary Notices. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

The undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the Anti-Slavery Cause, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social,

THE STANDARD.

THE FIRE AND HAMMER OF GOD'S WORD UPON SLAVERY AND ITS ABETTORS.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered in the Church of the Puritans, on Thursday, May 13th, 1858, at a meeting of the American Abolition Society.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT: We are driven this day to God. Apart from His Word, and His grace to make His Word effectual, and to keep it even in the hearts of His children from perversion, there is no hope in the heart of any political party, nor any Christian party, for the poor slave. We have seen that men of piety, age, gray hairs, experience, eloquence, can plead the very authority of the Word of God for concealing and denying that Word; can call upon Christ to bear witness that their first Christian duty is to take down His light from the candlestick and to put it under a bushel; can deliberately in the name of God so pervert the salt of Christian truth as to make it nothing but an additional corrupting element on the dunghill of the world's corruptions. We have seen an eloquent Bishop, with silver locks, pleading for silence on the sin of slavery, and justifying the Executive Committee of the Tract Society, as possessing an indestructible negative against the instructions of their constituents, and in opposition to the will and Word of God, by virtue of being the managers of a great circumlocution office, the perfection of whose sagacity and strength is in the art, *How not to do it*. We cannot but remember the answer of God: "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin"; and the judgment of the Lord Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

We have also seen venerable and Christian men not shrinking to denounce the declaration that American slavery is sin as *ultra* and inexpedient, and exposing the cause of righteousness to defeat and ruin. Paul rejoiced, in his day, that he had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. The professed followers of Paul in our day do not shun to rebuke such declaration as fanatical and rash. Before such developments, were it not that our trust is in God and not man, we should have no more any strength, or life, or courage left in us. There is no hope, apart from God's Word, and from the full and faithful application of it. There is wanting the element of conscientious, stubborn, heartfelt, eternal hostility against slavery as sin, as reprobated and forbidden of God in the same catalogue with lying, perjury, murder, whoremongering, piracy, man-stealing and guilt that, by the law not of God only, but man, is worthy of death. Where shall such an element be found? How shall it be created, quickened, trained? Not in the school of political self-seeking and expediency; not under obedience to fugitive slave laws; not under obedience and assertions of allegiance to Dred Scott decisions; not in the school of unrighteous and oppressive statutes; not under the law of silence on the Word of God—silence in the pulpit—silence in the Tract House; but under the law of fire and thunder in the manifestation of the truth in every man's conscience in the sight of God—by revealing the wrath of God from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, and against this stupendous iniquity as foremost and most germinating in enormity and malignity, most sweeping and accumulating in the habits and materials of sin and misery, the elements and securities of national ruin. Our only hope is in the revived, living, faithful religion of a free, out-spoken, consistent Church, and a fearless, unmuzzled, faithful ministry. Our only hope is in a conscience fastened to the Word of God, and a heart flaming with its sacred fire; a popular Church and ministry, holding forth the word of life, and giving themselves up to its supremacy, in such an unrestricted abandonment of all things to its sovereignty (not the popular sovereignty, but God's sovereignty), that it may have free course and be glorified.

The intensity of the plague with us, the exasperation and strength of the iniquity and the evil, are in the provisions for its perpetuity and the insurances of its increase. Not content with enduring it ourselves, for one generation, we have by law entailed it upon others; and the generations to come, as God distributes the consequences, must inevitably rise up and call each preceding generation accursed. If this sin had a possible death, like that of intemperance in the grave of the present drunkard, and were not propagated by a legal fatalism forbidding it to die out, or to be renounced, or the will to be broken—a legal fatalism and missionary zeal united, providing future victims for it in the fastest ratio of increase in human population—then would the evil be comparatively trifling, and the sin would speedily come to an end. But there is no such limit, no such natural consumption or wearing out, no such release by death; the evil and the sin are carefully secured *against* death, and injected, as the heart's blood, into the veins of the next generation, and any attempt to stop the process throws the whole system into convulsions.

We practise the iniquity upon children, innocent children, the natives of our own land, unbought, unsold, unpaid for, without consultation or consent of father or mother, or the shadow of a permission from the Almighty; and they, the new-born babes of this system, are the compound interest year by year added to the sin and its capital, which thus doubles upon us in the next generation, and must treble in another. We make use of the most sacred domestic affections, of maternal, filial and, I was going to say, connubial love—but the system forbids, and I have to say *contubernal*—for such rapid and accumulating production of the iniquity, as shall be in some measure adequate to the demand. The whole family relation, the whole domestic state, is prostituted, poisoned, turned into a misery-making machine for the agent of all evil. What God meant should be the source and inspiration of happiness, becomes the fountain of sin and woe. The sacred names of husband, wife, father, mother, son, babe, become the exponents of various forces and values in the slave-breeding institute. And the whole perfection, completeness and concentration of this creative power in this manufacturing interest descends like a trip-hammer on the children, beating them from the birth into marketable articles, and stamping and sealing them as chattels, foredoomed and fatalized to run till they wear out, as living spindles, wheels, activities of labor and productiveness, in the same horrible system.

And each generation of immortal marketable stuff is as exactly fashioned in these grooves, moulds, channels, wefted, netted and drawn through, to come out the invariable product, as the yards of carpeting are cut from the loom to be trodden on, or as the coins drop from the die for the circulation of society. This is the peculiarity of the sin of slavery in the foremost Christian country on the face of the earth. In this branch of native industry and manufacture we are self-reliant. Disavowing a protective policy in almost everything else, we are proudly patriotic for the security, superiority and abundance of this most sacred native product of domestic manufacture, and for neither the raw material nor the bleaching of it will depend on any other country in the world.

This is the manner, these are the principles, on which we obey the precepts and fulfil the glories of the 72d Psalm. Instead of obeying God in delivering the children of the needy from deceit and violence, we foredoom them to all the oppression endured by their fathers; instead of judging the poor with righteousness and the children of the oppressed with equity, we deliberately and solemnly give them over to oppression, as incapable of brotherhood and citizenship, and having no rights that white men are bound to respect. Instead of removing every yoke, we predestinate them *for* the yoke, and perpetuate the yoke for *them*, as a fixture prepared from the birth—the controlling, governing, supreme domestic law—the guiding institution and policy of the house, the State, the nation.

By thus laying our grasp on an unborn race; by saying before-hand to immortal beings, the work of the Creator, you cannot come into God's world but as infant slaves, articles of property and merchandise, but with a curse of our national justice and equity branding you for the slave-pen, and separating you from the manhood of all mankind; by this robbery from God and man we become a nation of men-stealers—a community of baptized Thugs for the kidnapping of the children of four millions of people, and the assassination of their personality.

If this were done now, for the first time, to a nation by themselves; if we made a descent upon Africa, China, India, or elsewhere, and carried off into hopeless slavery the children of four millions, the universe would utter a roar of terror and indignation at such a crime. But organize it into a system—make this robbery and moral assassination a fixture of law and policy from generation to generation, and set up its support as the watch-word of a powerful political party, the test of faithfulness and patriotism, and the security of an unlimited command of the whole patronage of the United States Government, and forthwith the sanction and sustaining of it become the shining virtue of compromise and expediency, and he is the dangerous man and the madman in the community who undertakes to disturb this arrangement, or to agitate the conscience in regard to it. Forthwith, it is no longer the sin which is regarded with astonishment and horror, but the denunciation of it as sin! It is no longer the perpetrators of such a crime, and its supporters, who are to be the objects of reproach and condemnation, but those who cause the truth to bear against the crime—those who call it by the name with which God has branded it, and visit it with the reprobation that God has laid upon it.

And especially the political world and the Pharisees of political churches stand in horror of the very bad spirit, the unchristian spirit, of those who denounce this wickedness with the direct application of the Word of God. It is a subject which must be excluded from the pulpit, because it is a sin enthroned in state, a political sin, to be treated only by political quacks, with political drenches, platforms, cataplasms and compromises, which the only duty of the Church and the ministry is quietly to indorse and sanction, for the sake of peace.

The system of slavery is now at length asserted to be the chosen missionary institute of the Lord Almighty. And, admitting it to be such, we are certainly foremost of all the nations in carrying forward the great missionary work. If the appointed work to be done for the children of the needy is that of branding and training them as chattels and brute beasts for the market, we have no rivals in this honor. This is, in fact, the greatest, vastest, most persevering missionary work that we perform. Our instrumentality in binding down in hopeless bondage the children of four millions of immortal beings, guilty of a skin not colored like our own, is our largest instrumentality, thus far, in the glories of the millenium.

By our laws providing that the slave and its increase shall be deemed and doomed our personal chattels forever, we constitute for them a millenium of sin and misery. We convert them into a community, in which it is impossible that the fundamental laws of Christianity should be recognized and obeyed, or the most commonly acknowledged and most sacred institutions of the Christian state be regarded. The laws of God for husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, children, cannot be applied, cannot be obeyed, in such a community. "Husbands, love your wives," is a divine injunction. But for those most miserable outcasts of humanity, the American slaves, there can be no such law, but an admonition against it. God's claims, so expressed, interfere with man's property in man. Husbands, beware of imagining that you have any rights, any authority, in regard to the chattels you are permitted to live with; beware of ever so loving them as to be unwilling to sacrifice them at a moment's warning to the avarice, the need or the passions of your owner. Ye are not permitted to love, but only in subjection to the price of the market, the necessities of of your master, and the grand rule of your domestic institution, the slave and its increase.

Wives, be obedient to your husbands. What? Obedience from a chattel to a chattel? Wives ye are none, and this divine law belongs not to you, but for the profit of your masters. Your obedience and your increase belong to them, and to none else.

Children, obey your parents. But slaves have no children, and their children have no parents, except only as the bales of cotton have a parent in the gin and the factory, where they were shaped and bonded for the market. These commands and precepts are all and only for the masters, not the slaves. Slaves have no ties, no affections, no duties, no obligations, no belongings, but for their owners, whose property they are, and for whom and at their bidding every faculty, capacity, emotion must be devoted, occupied, tasted, improved, sold at the highest premium to the highest bidder whenever, however and wherever the owner's interest requires it.

And it is not isolated beings that we devote thus, for a mere lifetime, to such degradation and cruelty, but we create a perpetual, unfailing and self-renewing spring of this wickedness. It is not a transitory shower of blistering drops that we cause to pass over the land, but an Artesian well that we sink of domestic shame and misery for future generations. In the Word of God it is said, referring to the glory and blessedness of the establishment of righteousness and freedom as the fundamental fixtures of society, If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations. But we, by foredooming unborn children to the yoke, and preparing it for them, are securing a succession of curses and crimes, crimes and curses, as the heritage of the social state. We have no more right to enact by law that the *offspring* of slaves shall be slaves than we have to make a law that the offspring of *the free whites* shall be slaves. If such a law were passed in the State of New York, a law that the children of those engaged in manual labor should from the birth be taken and held as chattels to be bought and sold as the property of those capitalists for whom their parents have been laboring, could such a law sanction such a crime? Could it make it any other thing than man-stealing? Could it be pleaded that it is not man-stealing, because it is children-stealing? What is it when these children grow up?

And if they have children, does the fact that their parents were stolen before them give the stealers of the parents any claim upon the next generation? Does the fact that their parents were stolen before them take away *their* rights as human beings, and turn the stealing of them into a natural and just claim of property? Nothing can transmit the right of theft; no law can sanction it; even if we had a right to steal the parents from themselves, this could give no right to steal the children from the parents and from God. This is the deep damnation of our guilt. The offence cries up to Heaven. By stealing children from the birth, we are A NATION OF MEN-STEALERS, and we renew, perpetuate and increase the guilt from generation to generation. We perpetuate the sin and the cruelty upon five times the number that our ancestors did, and insure its being perpetrated by five times more, and then thank God for the success of this providential missionary institution.

The guilt is increasing, but all the while the conscience in regard to it is diminishing and being seared. The sin, by being enlarged in surface and in quantity, seems lessened in intensity. We are more guilty than our fathers in the practice of it, and yet we contrive to make ourselves imagine that we are less guilty and more pious than they. The iniquity is a moral cancer that is eating at the vitals of our piety, while the only treatment we tolerate is increased doses of chloroform till the whole system is stupefied under its influence. When a new outrage is committed, we just send to the apothecaries for more laudanum, or swallow, through our representatives, a Lecompton drench and sweat, or suffer Congress to administer an English swindle. Never was a sick and groaning victim more completely at the mercy of unprincipled quacks. Every six months some new experiment of fraud, despotism, bribery, unprincipled and ignorant political surgery, and we are hauled and tossed about, and cut and skinned as if we were a dead body in the dissecting-room, and Congress nothing but a class of raw, headstrong, roaring medical students, with their knives in their hands and Dunglison's Anatomy in their pockets. The body does not wince, does not kick, does not even protest; and so they keep cutting and carving, no outrage as yet attempted being so monstrous as to have gone beyond the people's tame endurance.

Our iniquitous and cruel career against the African race came to its climax in the Dred Scott decision; for when iniquity takes the place of national law, and is enthroned in the tribunal of justice, it cannot well go higher; and now that decision, unresisted, uncorrected, is producing its fruits. It is like the star wormwood cast upon all fountains of waters, and men drink and die. Our public officials of justice and of policy, from the highest to the lowest, every time they are about to enact a new violence against the oppressed, only have to refer to the Dred Scott decision, and the basest, meanest, most detestable acts of fraud and cruelty are converted into righteousness.

* From the Secretary of State down through files of marshals, judges, bailiffs, lawyers, to the conductor of the street rail-car, the word passes, and the policy is established, and it is officially announced, and the judicial dictum is reverberated and applauded, and applied, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect. This dictum is fast being welded into chains, into political precedents sealed and made sure, and snare after snare in the iron net is woven on by lies, by perversions of the Constitution and of history, by new measures of usurpation unresisted, by presumptuous, unauthorized interpretation of law, till the very breath of the black man is almost beaten out of his body, and he is refused the privilege of expanding his lungs in a Republican atmosphere. Our judges, Cabinet ministers, attorneys-general and local, and Secretaries of State are hunting up examples of old injustice, for precedents of new villany. They thus set immorality and cruelty in the fountains of justice, infecting all its elements with death, just as vile assassins poison the wells of their neighbors by throwing dead dogs into them, or the carcasses of cats and skunks.

As God declared in a case fearfully similar, they have turned judgment into gall and wormwood, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock. They hunt every man his brother with a net. That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince asketh, and the judge asketh for a reward; and the great man, he uttereth his mischievous desire, and so they wrap it up. The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge; they trust in vanity and speak lies; they conceive mischief and bring forth iniquity; they hatch cockatrice's eggs and weave the spider's web; he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper. There is no judgment in their goings; they have made them crooked paths, speaking oppression, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood, so that judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off. They are never so happy as when they conceive absolute mischief, the dregs of profound social ignorance, prejudice and depravity, framing mischief by a law which thenceforward they impose as the supreme political and moral state god. They set up the sin of slavery as law, enforce it by the Constitution under judicial opinions, to which they swear allegiance; and if they cannot discover precedents, they make them.

The Secretary of State dares publicly to affirm that no black man ever received a passport, and cannot, as a citizen, receive one, and shall not. The Dred Scott decision has prepared this lid for the black man's living sepulchre, and Secretary Cass acts the undertaker for the body, and screws down the coffin with an incontrovertible falsehood. Then the Secretary of the Treasury declares that a free negro cannot receive a register for his own vessel, nor be master of his own vessel; nor, as such, have any title to his own property by United States marine papers—for by the Dred Scott decision he is no citizen, and can be none, and to be the rightful owner and master of his own maritime property a man must be a citizen. As he has none of the rights of a citizen, any seafaring man may own *him*, but he cannot himself be the owner of so much as a plank or a nail in his own vessel. Then comes, on the heels of this outrage, the United States Land Commissioner, and, from the General Land Office, with the same despotic authority under the same infernal act, declares that persons of color have no right of purchase and ownership in the public lands, that privilege also being restricted by positive law to citizens of the United States, or those that intend to become such—and by the Dred Scott decision a man with a colored skin neither is, nor can become, nor can without treason intend to become, a citizen. So, by this decision, and these magisterial interpretations and enforcements of it, the human being with a skin not colored like our own is alienated and expelled from land and sea—is an exile everywhere, and even on the great highway of nations no better than a log, or a snag, or a shred of drifting sea-weed, over which the keel of a Christian civilization plunges, with all on board grinning approbation of the cruelty. And certainly, if God's word be not thundered against such crimes, the Church and the ministry do, by their silence, set the seal of a Christian approbation to all this. Our revivals of religion become accessory to it, if a fawning, cringing, whining piety, trembling in the fear of man, refuses to bear testimony against such wickedness.

And thus more and more the common heart and conscience are hardened against all remorse and repentance in such villany, and each new Administration of the Slave Power becomes the executor of some new and more atrocious scheme of fraud and tyranny, left in trust as a legacy by its predecessor. And men that have kept silent up to the present crisis have had their capacity of dumbness, their grace of silence, thoroughly tried; they are indeed dumb dogs, that no provocation is likely to set to barking. If they have not yet spoken, they will forever hold their peace. What form of this wickedness can be transacted worse than the shapes in which it has already been enthroned and legalized? Would the open revival of the slave trade be any greater atrocity than the decision that a human being with a colored skin, though born in this country, and under this Government, cannot be a citizen of the United States, and has no rights that white men are bound to respect?

When this iniquity was, by this declaration and decision, publicly inaugurated in the supreme tribunal of national justice; when, in defiance of God's appointment and consecration of the judgment seat for himself, this most astounding cruelty and robbery were proclaimed as the rule of national justice, by which men were let loose for all manner of villany against a whole race of human beings, we imagined that the pulpit would have spoken out, if it never had before, in reprobation of an enormity in a Cristian nation so atrocious, so unrivalled. The Sabbath after that prodigious judicial crime, it seemed as if the very Bibles would have burst open of their own accord, and that in living fire the lightning of God's Word would almost have burned its sentence on the walls, and hissed along the congregations. We thought that even men whose lips had been sealed up to that time would have broken that silence forever, and directed the thunders of divine truth against such fearful public enshrinement and enforcement of undissembled, undisputed inhumanity and falsehood. Instead of that, there was a tame and almost unquestioning acquiescence; and the men that did speak out were themselves denounced as mad accusers and revilers of God's appointed dignities. Instead of denouncing the sin, men, ministers and editors denounced the denunciation of it as the greatest sin. It had come to pass literally, as in the 59th chapter of Isaiah, that judgment was turned away backward, and justice stood affar off, for truth was fallen in the street and equity could not enter. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey; and the Lord saw it, and it displeased Him that there was no judgment.

If ever the Church and the ministry were going to speak out, it should have been then; and if not then, I do not know that any revival of religion, on the same principles, of the same type, will produce utterance. But the calamity to a nation, when the Church and ministry are thus unfaithful to their trust, is not to be computed; nor, on the other hand, is the blessing to a nation possible to be measured, when it has a Church and ministry that it cannot corrupt nor silence. The Church is God's own enshrinement among a people of the living sense of right and wrong, the perception of God's claims, and the sensibility to them; and where that sensibility is vivid among the people, there is always the knowledge of their own rights and the spirit to defend them. But where that sensibility to sin, and to God's claims, dies out, where the Church does not apply God's Word against sin, there both the conscience toward God and the spirit of liberty are debauched and wasted, and the nation ripens for destruction. Even the most fatal oppressions, the most vital injuries are not felt, or are submitted to with servile endurance.

Can we go any lower, any deeper, than the Dred Scott decision and its consequences? The disease having, like a run of typhus fever, reached its lowest stage, will there be a reaction of nature toward health? Is there strength enough? At this point does conscience act under the Word of God? At this point is the Word of God being applied? The Divine Spirit is present, as a power of individual salvation, but still, under habitual indifference, there may be a palsy of the conscience in regard to this sin. An individual was met recently by a friend, who asked him how it was with him, and he said he had been busy all winter in the revival, and was at a morning prayer-meeting every morning at 6 o'clock. In the course of the conversation he was asked how he felt in regard to the iniquity going on in Congress. Oh, said he, I don't trouble myself about that at all: and as long as I and my family get enough to eat and to drink, Congress may do what they choose; I have no concern about it. Now, of what possible avail can be whole churches of such Christians, or what effect can tons of such piety have upon the morals of the community, or how will revivals of religion reach the sins of the nation, if piety is content with eating and drinking and attendance at 6 o'clock morning prayers, while the nation marches steadily to wrath and ruin?

If the Church at large are under such infatuation, then indeed the nation is ready to perish; for the Church is the salt of the earth, the conscience of the nation; and if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? If the conscience of the Church is corrupted and darkened, the nation has no means of knowing its own evils, and may be far advanced toward irremediable destruction. The conscience of the Church is the only conscience that pretends to be guided by the Word of God, and by that Word a living conscience in the Church and ministry must be the nation's watchman.

One of the darkest and most distressing symptons in the progress of this iniquity is the insensibility of the popular conscience under outrages that we once supposed, if ever any approximation to them were perpetrated, were even attempted, would set the nation in a blaze. Even Mr. Webster used to talk of the danger of experiments upon the conscience of the country, but we find no hazard attending them. Outrage after outrage is quietly endured, till the people become accustomed to be trampled on, and conscience utters no remonstrance. A fearful paralyzing power, a spell of stupefaction, an insensibility unto death, is on the nation; and the Church and the ministry that ought to act as the nation's conscience, are drugged and possessed with the devil of silence. So that the people are not arrested, not alarmed, not made sensible what Satan's work is being accomplished upon them. This is a fearful treason against God and His Word, a terrible betrayal of principle.

It is as if the nerves of sensation in our system refused to warn us of injury by the sense of pain, so that, as under the power of chloroform, our bodies might be hacked and maimed, and we not aware of it; as in a drunken stupor, a man might be fatally burned and not know it until too late. So, if the Church and the ministry, being God's sentinels to the nation, are bribed or drugged into silence, the nation by such treachery will be fatally ruined ere it is aware, and will utterly perish in its own corruption. Yet still, we talk of the world's conversion, and here in these anniversaries we drive all the multifold machinery of the societies we have set in motion, while every day our very power to manage them and to keep them from the villany of our own example grows less, and we go boasting of our health and strength and prosperity, with this terrific disease, under which we may be staggering as a drunken man upon the very last verge of God's endurance.

The indulgence, maintenance, protection and defence of this sin is the one great obstacle against the missionary influence and work. It cripples us, it manacles our energies, it palsies our efforts. We are in the condition of a man whose whole left side is paralyzed, so that all the strength and life of the right side are occupied and tasked with keeping the palsied half of the body from falling. We are like a man indulging in the use of ardent spirits to a degeee just bordering continually on intoxication, so that all the soberness left is but just sufficient to keep him out of the gutter. We are unfit for God's work of overcoming the idolatry of the nations, while we are in slavish subjection to the worship of this Moloch at home. And this is the upshot of all our splendid training, all our vast gifts from God, all our preparations by truth, providence, and grace, for the world's deliverance from sin and Satan! Is it such an agency, or the instrumentality of such a people, that can be relied upon for the world's conversion? Eighteen hundred years Christ crucified has been known and preached on earth, as a righteous Judge and Savior for the poor and needy, the oppressed, and the children of the needy, and yet, in these last days, and in the nation now vaunted as the foremost Christian nation upon the face of the globe, the iniqnity of slavery itself has been revived and maintained as the missionary agency and institution of the Gospel! And all this comes from hiding instead of revealing that divine life which is the life of the world, which is the disclosure and destruction of sin, but being withheld leaves the world in darkness, and the Church to be the nursing mother of the world's abominations. As in the absence of the solar light there is nothing but a cellar vegetation, and the nourishing and running wild and free of monsters that shun the light and love the darkness, so in the absence or concealment of God's Word, a sickly, pallid, bloodless sentimentalism of compromise and expediency takes the place of vigorous, virtuous life, and gigantic forms of iniquity breed and thrive. The tremendous despotism of slavery is the result of the policy of silence in the churches, silence in the pulpit, silence of the ministry, the delaying and withholding of the Word of God.

Where can such things end, if continued? And if the conscience of the people is not reached and roused, what hope is there that the wickedness of the Government will ever be arrested? They will go just as far as the people will let them—for their conscience is always lower and more insensible than that of the people, but never higher. The conscience of the people is the last defence of Liberty—the last element of righteous power. If the conscience of the people can be set right, then there is hope in God. If they disavow and throw off this iniquity, God will not lay it to their charge; but if they do not resist it, God will certainly visit it upon them; he will let them be destroyed by it. They have sown the wind—they shall reap the whirlwind.

Here, then, are demonstrated the responsibility and duty of the Church and the ministry, as God's appointed instrumentality for training and awakening the conscience of the people. How can national sins be reached in any other way? And how in this way, except only by the Word of God, which is the sole instrument in the hands of the Spirit of God to convince the world of sin? And how is the Word of God to be applied, except by the ministry, sustained by the Church for this purpose, and on the Sabbath, when God gathers the people beneath its hearing and its power! The whole salvation of our country—the whole possibility of redemption from the sin of slavery—rests on this question: Will the Church and the ministry be faithful? Will the ministry be faithful to God? Will the Church uphold and protect the ministry in such faithfulness? The ministry must speak out, and speak with a will, with a purpose, with a perseverance and continued pressure on the conscience.

The ministry must speak to move the country—not merely to relieve their own consciences, to clear their own skirts by a quiet declaration of opinion, or to enter a protest and then retire. The ministry can move the country, but not by resolutions in Associations or in General Assemblies, while the pulpit is as silent as the grave. There is no courage whatever, and there may be very little faith fulness, in framing resolutions which may be but an anodyne to the conscience—a dispensation from ever preaching on the subject. There are no general resolutions in the New Testament to stand in the place of pulpit faithfulness in the application of God's Word; but the rule was always, and everywhere, to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. And again, We were bold in our God to speak unto you the Gospel of God with much contention, and as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts.

Now the Word of God is for aggression and conquest, and not a compromise with sin. The Word of God is a park of artillery—a swift-rushing mountain of thunderings and lightnings against sin, to overcome it and get it out of the world, and not a mere protest to save your own credit. The Word of God is to be thundered forth by the ministry for the discomfiture of this great villany and impiety in the judgment seat, and in the Legislature, and in the sin of man-stealing, and this is to be done in reliance upon God, and at his command, that the nation may be brought to repentance, may cry out, like any other sinners, Men and brethren, What shall we do? and may be redeemed from this mighty iniquity. It is manifest that this requires an attention to it on the part of the Church and the ministry, and a space for it in the Sabbath, and a proclamation of God's truth in regard to it, such as never has been given—never has been made. This work is yet to be done, and the power and glory of the Old Testament, the intense fires of God's love of justice, and his wrath against injustice and oppression, the forked and chain lightnings of the prophets, and the thunderbolts of Hebrew history, are yet to be shot upon this nation's sins. Who dare do it, but a ministry commissioned of God, and illuminated and inspired by his Spirit? Who *can* do it but they only? Whose appropriate business is it to do this but theirs, and what is the duty of the Church but to support and protect them in doing this? And when and how can they do this, except on the Sabbath—their day, God's day, for instructing, reproving and calling the world to repentance?

It is not a mincing, delicate, light notice of this iniquity that God requires, or the broad, hardened, brazen, unblushing abominations of the Government and the people demand, but a reiterated, reverberated, loud thundering of God's truth. It is very easy to say a soft, apologizing word now and then in regard to it, and excite no anger, no disturbance, and do no good, rouse no man's conscience; and not a few, in what they do say or intimate on such a subject, seem to be begging pardon of the congregation for such a painful allusion, instead of uttering God's voice fearlessly, grandly, and declaring, Thou art the man!

In this matter, Christ's dividing rule is true. He that is not for me is against me. If men will not now speak out and act out against slavery, their voice and influence are in favour of it. If the ministers of the Gospel, instead of the policy of silence, had poured out their vials, as God's commissioned angels, and let the thunderings, lightnings and earthquakes shake the heavens and the earth, this iniquity would long since have been arrested. It is only under the repression and enforced silence of the Word of God that it has been able to advance with such giant strides, till it has taken possession of the Senatorial, Representative, Executive and Judicial branches of our Government.

Now, Satan will never cast out Satan, and this iniquity is to be stayed and turned back only by the Word of God and by the Church and ministry being faithful to that Word. "If they had stood in my counsel, says Jehovah, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings." Just so now. But this great and mighty result of repentance for sin is not to be got at by silence in regard to the sin; and they who keep silent in a time of temptation and trial do, in fact, defend and daub the sin with untempered mortar. They may say that they are good anti-slavery men, as much opposed to this iniquity as any one; but their silence gives consent, and carries them over into the ranks of the enemy. Their pretentions of anti-slavery principle are, indeed, excellent, if the principle itself could be got at for use. They say it is in them, *in esse*, as the diamond is in carbon; and so, indeed, every lump of charcoal, could it speak, might say, "I am a diamond—do not treat me as if I were merely a piece of charred wood. In potential essence, the diamond is in my nature."

Ah, yes, my good friend, and, if you would only tell me how I may bring it out, and keep it in the form of diamond—how I may catch the essence, and make it stay put—you will make my fortune. But, alas, the world will never see anything in you but charcoal! Your diamond nature does not speak out; your charcoal does.

Just so, there are many in the ministry who will be much offended if you tell them they are not opposed to slavery—therefore, in effect, defend it. They will affirm that, in potential essence, the abhorrence of slavery is in them, though they do not go to the extreme of ever speaking against it.

Ay, and the very difficulty is, that it never makes itself known except by a most potential silence. It is as silent and invisible as the diamond is in the charcoal, or the light in a mass of solid anthracite. On this principle, there is not a dark subterranean coal mine, or bed, or pit, in existence, but what is a region of brilliant, glorious light; but, unfortunately, it needs a great many manipulations of science, a great many torturing processes of art, and operations of fire and water, to extract the material of light, and put it in shining order.

And just so with not a few, who should be lights in the ministry, but are rather like invisible, unsmelted native ores. If they might be subjected to the necessary roastings and smeltings and purifications, and the word of God extracted from them in visible, glorious form and shape, confronting and exposing the gross and damning features of this sin, then, indeed, it would be a powerful and conquering testimony. But what is principle good for if not to come forth in action in the time of trial, if not to withstand temptation, to rebuke iniquity, and protect the weak and down-trodden from the wicked and the strong? What is the worth of silent, inactive, concealed principle, whole acres of it, what better than treachery, or salt that has lost its savor, and is not fit even for a dunghill? What is the worth of a million of candles, each hidden under its own bushel? What is the light of the Christian Church and the Christian ministry given for, but to be the light of the world? If it is hidden from the world out of fear, out of a selfish expediency, it is darkness; and if the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!

It makes us think of the recent discovery that every cubic mile of ocean contains more than two pounds weight of solid silver. How potential! It makes the mouth of a miser water; but he is forced to think, if I could only get at it! Oh, thou mine of incalculable wealth! Two million tons of solid silver in the Atlantic! Ye potential, silvery waves, if I could but evoke, by some concentrated, irresistible chemistry, your hidden riches!

Ay, but there's the rub. 'Tis of no more use to you than the commonest puddle of sea-water; whole leagues of it, nay, the all-surrounding ocean, at your command, of no more value than the smallest secluded nook before your own cottage on the East River. And just so, a whole cubic mile of such anti-slavery ministers with sealed lips, or as many as could stand together in the dry bottom of the ocean, would be of no use whatever with their principles of liberty that never speak out—their upright hearts, but silent tongues and pulpits. They are upright as the palm-tree, but they speak not; and because of their own policy of silence, they hate him that rebuketh in the gate; they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth, and, in consequence of their silence and conservative influence, the few that do speak out seem extravagant and eccentric, and are marked as madmen or fanatics; they become objects of derision, as noticeable as poor Christian and Faithful were in passing through Vanity Fair—simple, innocent creatures who said, We buy the truth. Truth! Go to the Tract House!

But truth is not only unpopular and inexpedient on such a subject as the sin of slavery, but exceedingly dangerous. It is not proper to be brought into the pulpit, nor mentioned on the Sabbath—that sacred day of rest, when every irritating and disturbing theme should be kept far aloof from the sanctuary and from our hearts, for we come to the church to be comforted, and political preaching is an outrage on our feelings, and a desecration of the day of God; and preaching on the sin of slavery is political preaching; and if you preach such preaching, it offends the pew-owners, and drives away the people from the church, and prevents them from hiring pews, and diminishes our revenues, so that, if you preach such preaching, the best interests of the Church and society require that we should unsettle you.

Well done, Simon Magus! There you stand; unveil your face, step forth into the light; only avow that you buy your minister, and use him, or lay him on the shelf, just as you would a case of umbrellas or a bale of silk, that you settle him for pew revenues, and that your pulpit is up at auction to the highest bidder for the man who will insure you the greatest sum total of pew-rentals, and your power is at an end. The statement of such things is enough to make them a by-word and a hissing. You never can get the people to admit that the final end of God's Word is just simply to keep the finances of a society above water, or as a locomotive to drag them uphill. God's Word is given for edifying and saving souls, and not merely building temples and paying for them. And the ministers of God's Word, if called to preach in Nineveh and fleeing to Tarshish, will not much longer find the churches to be mere packet ships, in which they can snugly sleep out the storm, and pay their passage by concealing their mission.

Concealment is not the law of God's Word, but MANIFESTATION, and in times of danger and of treachery, you are compelled to vary the ordinary law of God's Word, as rains and gentle showers, and to come down in a perfect cataract, as if the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up. We may learn something here from our colored brethren. During the war of our Revolution, it is said that at a particular important point of the lines, Washington found his sentinels, night after night, picked off by a party that could not be detected. At length he committed the care of that point to a sagacious, trusty negro, on service in the army; a negro citizen (let Secretary Cass mark it) was particularly trusted by Washington. He told him the nature of the danger, and bade him have all his wits about him, remembering the watchword, if any suspicious movement was before him, which was to call out, Who goes there? three times, and then fire. The faithful, keen-witted negro reflected and made up his mind. Past midnight his watchful ear caught the stealthy advance of the enemy, and, just waiting long enough to be sure of his aim, he levelled his gun, and called out, in one sentence, at one breath, Who goes dere tree time? and then fired. The foe was shot and discovered, the alarm given and the post saved. Sometimes we must thus concentrate, and give the warning and the shot in the same movement; not here a little and there a little, but all at once, and blow after blow followed up so rapidly that neither compromise nor retreat shall be possible.

From the Englishwoman's Journal.

TWO GRAVES.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, drowned July 8, 1822.
Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley, died February 1, 1851.
In death they are not divided.

Two graves within one year I saw,
Where sleep, a thousand miles apart,
Husband and wife, whose living law
Was but to know one soul, one heart.

He sleeps beneath the Roman rose,
And violets, like his verse divine;
She, where the tenderest snowdrop blows,
Amidst the heather and the pine.

And yet we know they are not here,
But where the heavenly lilies bloom,
And amaranth, to the angels dear,
Mocks our pale buds which deck the tomb.

There no dark cypress grows, nor pine,
Where they, the husband and the wife,
Their long-dissever'd lives entwine,
And dwell beneath the Tree of Life.

Boscombe, March 14, 1858. B. R. B.

THE QUEEN OF PEDIR.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

HALF an hour's row brought us into the river, which was little better than a creek at its embouchure; thick, rank weeds grew on either side, and long-legged storks, poking out their heads in astonishment, took to wings, screaming doleful vengeance at us intruders. For fully half a mile the place seemed to be one abominable, hideous marsh; then, however, a bend in the river brought us in sight of higher ground, and simultaneously a band of ugly savages rushed down to the river side, and performed a little war dance, very characteristic of the weapons they were armed with, and the *tout ensemble* of their appearance. These ruffians were naked to the waist, and many of them besmeared with paint. Some had bows, all had krreses of a prodigious size, and many of them were armed with deadly-looking spears. I must confess I felt exceedingly uncomfortable at this sudden and unwelcome opposition, the more so as I could not understand a syllable of what they were shouting, or what the Chuliah supercargo was shouting to them in return. The parley, however, seemed to produce the desired result; the tumult ceased, the savages grinned, and professed their happiness at our arrival, and not many minutes afterwards we were being escorted by them, and wholly at their mercy, to the palace of the queen, or princess who governed in this district.

The palace was neither more nor less than a rickety old wooden stockade, with an elevated hut in the centre, propped up upon strong poles, so as to be beyond the spring of tigers, and other unwelcome guests, that of a night were wont to prowl about underneath, and reached by a wooden ladder, which was removed at sundown, and replaced every morning. The hut was a roomy one, airy withal, and weather tight, as regarded being impervious to the heavy rains of such frequent recurrence. As for furniture, even at this distant date, I think I could reckon up the whole contents of that princely palace on my four fingers and thumb. They consist of one or two earthenware jars for pickles, oils, &c., several ropes of vegetables suspended from the ceiling, one or two bamboo stools, a gourd for drawing water, an old mat, and a musty old cushion or two. Seated on one of them was her majesty in *propria persona*, corpulent in person—as behoveth Oriental royalty—dressed in a loose flowing Malayan petticoat, with a slight muslin shawl thrown negligently over her shoulders. She looked to be about forty years old, and possessed, upon the whole, a most amiable countenance; nor did her looks belie her. By her side was seated a young girl of about fourteen, of by no means bad features or figure, who, though young in years, was budding into womanhood, and who was her majesty's only daughter, and heiress apparent to the throne, or dirty cushion that her mother was seated up